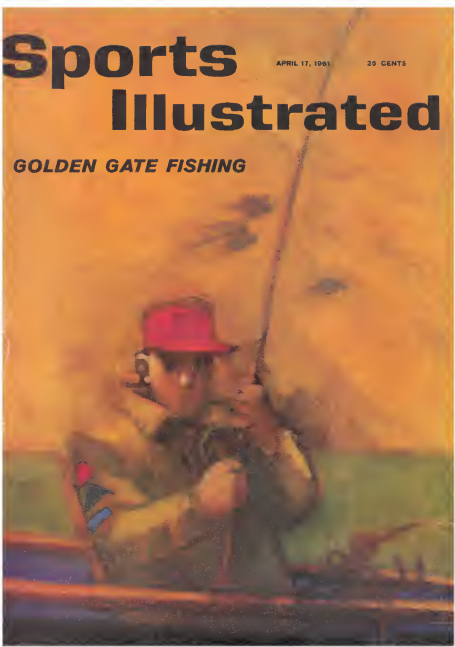


# Sports Illustrated

APRIL 17, 1961

20 CENTS

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As the 1961 baseball season gets under way, Walter Dugan looks at the two new teams, Washington and Los Angeles, in their first week of American League competition.

In Part II of his series on the art of planning, Olympic Yachting Champion George O'Day shows how to get added speed by wave riding and by maneuvering with a spinnaker.

Most Americans love automobiles, but of the 1.5 million hot rodders some carry the romance to weird extremes. In color and in words: the customs and their cars.



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# SCORECARD

## RON VOYAGE

Ingemar Johansson has now returned to Europe, another defeated European heavyweight. Lately he has seemed a bit restless—understandably so, because the Internal Revenue Service has been clumsily stalking him as if he were one of America's 10 most wanted criminals.

Hangers-on, time and Nat Fleischer probably will all appraise him differently as a heavyweight. But as a character in sport, Johansson has left us with something to remember and be thankful for. His right hand jolted the boxing crowd out of its apathy in 1959 and made Floyd Patterson realize that he wasn't quite the fighter that Cus D'Amato had told him he was. Ingemar has been called "the man of the hour," "a breath of fresh air," the man with "the hammer of Thor," a "gracious loser," and assorted other things. We called him Sportsman of the Year 1959, and don't regret it.

## THE ANSWER WAS ABSENT

"It will take a little getting used to," said an editorial in *The Gazette* of Montreal, "but tonight when the Stanley Cup final series begins there will be no team wearing Montreal's famed 'bleu, blanc, rouge' on the ice." WHAT HAPPENED TO CANADIENS? asked a *Gazette* Inquiring Photographer. HANS PLAN SHAKENUP AFTER CUP OUSTER ran a *Star* headline.

We suspect that a shakeup will come to the Canadiens before they lace on their skates next October, but we also think we know what happened to the Canadiens. Maurice Richard retired. Montreal began to assert its superiority in the National Hockey League in 1943-44, the first full year of play for Richard. In the 18 seasons that Richard skated for Montreal, the Canadiens made the finals of the Cup 13 times. Richard was more than goal getter, he was Dr. Spock, Big Daddy, Mother Hen to all the little Canadiens. Do not be surprised if, in the next few years, the Canadiens, sans peer but also sans

Richard, skate very hard, draw big salaries, remain a gate attraction and fail to win another Stanley Cup.

## THE PRICE OF HAPPINESS

Kansas City not only was a bad ball club last year, it was an unhappy one. Even before the regular season began, Manager Bob Elliott had made himself unpopular with his players. He treated Hank Bauer and Dick Williams like a pair of rookies when he caught them in a bar during spring training. When he overheard some of his players in the shower organizing a golf game after a tough exhibition game defeat, he hawled them out and banned golf for the rest of the season. Once the season began, Elliott's reluctance to go on the field and support his players in arguments with umpires wiped out what little esteem he still enjoyed.

This season the Athletics have a new manager, Joe Gordon, and a new general manager, Frank Lane, both of whom are ready to fight any umpire or each other. They also have a new owner, Charles O. Finley, who hopes Gordon and Lane will somehow make the Athletics better. In the meantime, Finley plans to make them happy. Recently he spent \$4,000 entertaining the team at a fashionable restaurant in Palm Beach. At dinner he handed out \$150 clock-radios to all team members. He also announced that if the team finished in the first division he would tear up all contracts and give each player a better one, retroactive to the start of the season.

This gesture, which if carried out could be illegal, is typical of Finley's consideration for his players. At the start of spring training he changed all Saturday night games to Saturday afternoon and rescheduled some Monday home games, thus giving the players regular days off during the season (golf permitted). He also promised that the players' wives could accompany their husbands on at least one road trip this summer.

All of this has made the Athletics

very, very happy. They will lose again this season, but with a smile.

## ON THE DEAM

We don't mean to alibi, but it had been at least five months since we had swung a club, and besides we were seven stories above the street. So it's small wonder we didn't break any course records when we used a new invention called the Golf-O-Tron the other afternoon. The Golf-O-Tron is the handiwork of M. R. Speiser of S. & M. Products Company, Inc., of New York, and its main virtue is that you can play 18 holes in a space the size of your living room. It works like this: when you blast a ball it hits a nylon net about 18 feet away, and the speed with which the net kicks back, together with the angle the ball takes, does something funny to four electric eye beams. The electronic impulses thus registered are digested by the heart of the Golf-O-Tron, a computing machine about the size of a huge TV set. How far the ball was hit



is shown by numbers on a screen facing the golfer, while moving lights passing over a representation of a fairway indicate whether you hooked, sliced or pounded down the middle. We shanked a few times in a kind of experimental way and found out that if you don't hit the net, the computer placidly ignores the shot.

If you hit your drive reasonably straight and far, though, you subtract the yardage from the total yardage of the hole and then hack away with an iron. Coming to within 25 yards of the green counts as landing on it. A sheet of paper shows the distance of hypothetical holes and par for each. As for putting, we were conceded two putts per green, which seems eminently reasonable; but in some locations where the machine is set up, the golfer will move to a special area and have to putt out.

continued

## Baitcasting Tips from Dick Wolff



**Dick Wolff, author of "Fishing Tackle and Techniques" (E. P. Dutton, New York), director of the Outdoor Writers Association of America, lecturer, tackle designer, and established authority on angling and casting, says:**

"It's easy for anyone to cast — effortlessly and with pin-point accuracy. The formula is simple — use only top quality, well-balanced tackle . . . and develop a good casting form." Dick has tried them all, and has settled on the Ambassador Reel, Garcia Companion Rod, and Garcia Super-Platyf Line. Dick says: "The Ambassador is the only reel that combines centrifugal brake, anti-backlash control, free-spool, and star-drag. The Garcia Companion Rod has incomparable power and action. The combination is unbeatable for developing championship form."



**1.** Adjust mechanical brake on left side of reel to match weight of lure being used. As ability to control reel increases, adjustment becomes lighter, but for a starter adjust mechanical brake so lure will barely drop from tip-top without moving rod, then tighten about a quarter turn more.



**2.** The star-drag is the secret of playing large fish on light line — really exciting sport! Turning bottom of star wheel toward you increases line tension — away from you decreases line tension. Adjust so line can't be broken by sudden strain on line, but tight enough to permit control of fish.



**3.** Before each cast, press button on top of right side-plate, at the same time keeping thumb of right hand on spool. This disengages spool for casting, so that as part of reel but spool is moving during the cast. Mechanism of reel automatically re-engages at start of each retrieve.



**4.** Cramp rod grip firmly but lightly, reel handles pointing directly upward, so that spool axle is vertical. Rest thumb lightly on edge of spool flange and line, in a position that will permit easy application of light pressure. Pressure will rarely, if ever, be completely removed when casting.



**5.** Note that handle points directly at elbow-parallel with forearm. Rod moves through a vertical plane. Note, too, that rod is in line with caster's eye — not in position to be swung back over shoulder. Relax! Put most of your weight on right foot, right shoulder forward, and lean into the cast.



**6.** Hold rod as in "5," tip pointing to about "2 o'clock." Lean forward, with weight principally on right foot. Have eye, rod, lure, and target in line, and reel in "free-spool" condition. Have arm in comfortable position, but remember that fingers and wrist — not shoulder — control cast.



7. Bring rod up back smoothly to about "11 o'clock." Line will lag behind, as shown here, building up power.



8. When "11 o'clock" is reached, immediately start forward motion of rod. Line will continue back, building up power.



9. Now the power built into rod is going to work. If you hesitate on the back-cast, this will not be so—power will be lost.



10. At about "1 o'clock" release thumb pressure on spool—gently! Follow through to about "2 o'clock"—the end of cast.



11. Spool control is an art—not a science. It comes with practice. Note thumb is applied to spool flange—not spool center.



12. In retrieving, reel is held in palm of left hand, giving better control over lure action and increasing comfort.



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The unique combination of free-spool, centrifugal brake, and level-wind guarantees effortless, record distance casts—without backlash! The super-smooth, powerful star-drag adjusts down to take lightest monofilament lines... brake with "reminder scale" adjusts for baits of any weight... self-centering spool bushings, end-plate line guards, corrosion-proof finish, lifetime dependability backed by Garcia's famous guarantee and service policy—these are more outstanding reasons why the Garcia Ambassador is the favored reel of so many anglers who are satisfied only with the best. There are three sizes of Ambassadors—for light baitcasting to surf and muskie fishing.

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Only 4 5/8" high, 2 13/32" wide, 1 3/8" deep. **Only \$34<sup>95</sup> net**



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Gift Pack Case only **\$39.95**

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Famous for Quality the World Over

## SCORECARD *continued*

Mr. Speizer, a nongolfer but an expert at electronics, worked three years to perfect the machine. Twelve of them will be set up throughout the country by June, and they are expected to go big at military bases, airports, bowling alleys, driving ranges and even at golf clubs (for use when a gale is blowing). They cost \$5,500.

## EAST IS WHERE?

The schedule of the National Football League, released this week, has two surprises: 1) the Dallas Cowboys will play as a member of the Eastern Conference, and 2) the new Minnesota Vikings will be in the Western. Both teams had been slated to play a swing schedule, i.e., play each team in the league once, each other twice. The Eastern Conference, which had its choice of the two teams, voted for Dallas, principally because Dallas has no major league baseball team playing in its stadium. Had Minnesota gone to the Eastern Conference, six of its seven teams would have had baseball-football scheduling conflicts.

The addition of the Cowboys to the Eastern Conference still creates scheduling difficulties, hence the other surprise: the New York Giants open at home in Yankee Stadium September 17—the earliest home opening for the Giants in at least 15 years. Normally, New York stays on the road for the first three games, clearing the way for the Yankees in case they make the World Series.

## A SWINGING TOWN

There is one town in America where boxing, viewed dismally elsewhere, still is dearly loved. The town is Pocatello, potato capital of southern Idaho, where amateur fights outdraw even football and basketball.

Pocatello was host last week to the national AAU boxing championships. It is a small city (pop. 30,000), but for three nights and two afternoons crowds ranging from 2,000 to just short of 6,000 elbowed into the Idaho State College gym to see these fights. The big homecoming football game last fall drew 5,000. The largest basketball crowd last winter was 3,500. Pocatello appreciates boxing.

The appreciation is based on the way boxing has been presented to Pocatello. It is quite different from what you see on your television

*continued*

**Rare Blend of Style and Speed**... Longitudinal steps in the fiberglass hulls of Owens Fleetships make these deep, wide, distinctive boats remarkably fast and responsive. Inside they are richly upholstered and thoughtfully appointed with every requirement for your comfort and enjoyment. Flotation foam in the sealed double bottom adds positive safety and quiets the ride. Owens Fleetships... *built in the quality tradition of Owens Yachts.*



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OUTBOARDS—COMPOSABLE

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A Product of **Brunswick**  World Leader in Recreation



The last guest is gone...

And so is the music, the laughter, the tinkling of glasses. All went well. And V.O. helped. Shining with lightness—yet vibrant in character—it flavored the evening



with happiness. The fact is: V.O. has a genius for turning people into a party. Seagram's Imported V.O. Canada's famous whisky, known by the company it keeps.



screen. In a mere 10 years, which is how long Dubby Holt has coached the Idaho State College boxing team, Pocatelloans, whether of town or gown, have become remarkably sophisticated about boxing. They understand its skills and subtleties, and they are just as quick to cheer a good loser as to applaud a winner. At Pocatello fights there is no booing. Audiences are perhaps 40% women, many of them faculty wives. Aware that the boys are protected by amateur rules and vigilant officials, the ladies feel no fears that they may be watching a brutal exhibition. They feel instead that they are watching an exciting sport, which is what boxing ought to be.

Visiting coaches and fighters learned quickly to love Pocatello. "Never saw so little smoke and so many brooms," marveled a Chicagoan, looking about the tidy gym.

"It looks like we've found a home," said Art Norris of the AAU.

Boxing couldn't find a better home.

#### A BIT TOO HORSEY

Jacqueline Kennedy, famous for her fashion sense, has slipped on a point of taste in the horse world. Recently, in formal fox-hunting attire (dark Melton coat, buff-colored breeches, black derby and boots), she attended the Piedmont Fox Hounds Point-to-Point races in Upperville, Va. However—as some members of the set observed—to appear as a spectator at the races wearing riding clothes is as ridiculous as wearing a tutu to watch a ballet performance. A Jackie defender pointed out that she had been hunting that morning and probably did not have time to change. "One makes time," was the firm reply. "Or, at the very least, one changes the formal hunt coat for an informal tweed one."

#### KLIPIITT-KLIPIITT-KLUNK

As we feared (SI, March 27), the stage is now set for one politically oriented group (led by Democrat bigwig James P. Clark of Philadelphia) to gain a monopoly over harness racing in Pennsylvania. The state commission met in Harrisburg last Wednesday, and two of the three commissioners (both Democratic political appointees, neither of whom has

continued



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previously shown any interest in the sport) proposed and passed three motions in a few minutes. The first awarded a racing license to Clark's group, the second decided not to consider any other applications for licenses, the third was a move to adjourn. To all three motions, Commission Chairman Lawrence Sheppard voted "no" and lost.

What this means is that Clark's group (the Liberty Bell Racing Assn.) now has the only license to run a trotting track in Pennsylvania with pari-mutuel betting, though the commission was authorized to grant four licenses by the state legislature. The next step in solidifying the monopoly will probably be taken in May when the same two commissioners are expected to approve another license for a group which will rent the track Clark intends to build and run its race meeting right after his. Then all racing will be conducted at Clark's track, and he will, in effect, control all racing. This, we repeat, is the same kind of setup that led to scandals in New York and Illinois a decade ago.

When Lawrence Sheppard was appointed to the Pennsylvania commission, we were delighted that a veteran trotting man would have an important role in guiding that state's racing program. It would be a shame if, instead, the sport were turned over to politicians, regardless of party.

### INSIDE TRACK

• The successful \$615,002 bid by NBC for the 1961 National Football League championship game was attained when Commissioner Pete Rozelle allowed open bidding on game for first time. Players in title game will divide \$100,000 from take, while rest of money, save league's cut, will go to players' pension fund.

• Despite elimination of former champions Cary Middlecoff and Jimmy Demaret, top pros Julius Boros and Dow Finsterwald, and leading amateur Deane Beman, by controversial 40-player cutoff point, Masters authorities will keep rule in 1962.

• Frank McGuire, basketball coach of North Carolina, has few friends among Atlantic Coast Conference coaches, seems constantly at odds with Carolina's Athletic Director Chuck Erickson and will pack his bag when good offer comes along.

## FACES IN THE CROWD



**KATHY ELLIS**, 14, representing Indianapolis Athletic Club, was the 100-yard butterfly event in 1:01.7 in the national AAU women's swim meet at Hialeah, Fla., upset Olympic Swimmer Carolyn Ward, representing Mulnomah Athletic Club of Portland, Ore.



**BILL DUDLEY**, 14-year-old golfer from Tampa, Fla. who stands impressing 6 feet and weighs 170 pounds, shot 9-under-par 27 on nine holes of the Temple Terrace golf course at Tampa, shot par 36 on next nine, finished with 63 score to tie the course record.



**GARY DEAN**, senior at Arcadia H.S. in Scottsdale, Ariz. who pitched two no-hitters last year for the American Legion state champions, pitched two consecutive no-hitters this year for Arcadia, beat Winslow (Ariz.) H.S. 5-0, beat Chandler (Ariz.) H.S. 4-0.



**AVIS THIBIER**, former cheerleader who now teaches physical education in a Dallas grade school, captured the Southwestern AAU women's all-round gymnastics title at Dallas, will compete for the national title at Dallas next month.



**LOU KRETLOW**, former American League pitcher, scored 427-yard hole in one at the Lake Helen golf course in Oklahoma City, broke 425-yard hole-in-one distance record set by George Cardwell at the Hillcrest Golf Club in Winston-Salem, N.C.



**MICHAEL FLANAGAN** of University of Washington won all-events title with 1,592 score in the National Intercollegiate Bowling Tournament at Detroit, teamed with Jerry Johnson of University of Idaho to capture the two-man title with 3,292 score.

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# A DUEL GOLFERS WILL NEVER FORGET

Through five days of brilliant competition the lead seesawed between Gary Player and Arnold Palmer. In the end, the little South African became the first foreigner ever to win the Masters

by ALFRED WRIGHT

The Masters golf tournament proved last Monday what it can do to the strongest men and the staunchest nerves. Gary Player, the small, trim South African, was the eventual winner, but in all his 25

years he never spent a more harrowing afternoon as he waited for the victory to drop in his lap. Arnold Palmer, the defending champion, lost his title on the 72nd hole after a few minutes of misfortune that left even

his fellow pros gaping in disbelief.

"Just when you think you have it licked, this golf course can get up and bite you," Player had said one afternoon midway through the tournament. And that is just what happened on the last few holes. The Augusta National Golf Club Course got up and bit both Player and Palmer.

Player was the first to feel its teeth. After playing a splendid first nine holes in 34—two strokes under par—on this fifth and final day of the tournament (Sunday's fourth round had been washed out by a violent rainstorm when it was only half completed), Player's game rapidly fell to pieces. He bogeyed the 10th. After a journey through woods and stream he double-bogeyed the 13th. He bogeyed the 15th by missing a short putt and finally scrambled through the last three holes without further mishap for a 2-over-par 74 and a 72-hole total of 280.

As he signed his scorecard and walked off the course, Player was almost in tears. He could read on the nearby scoreboard that Palmer, by then playing the 15th hole, was leading him by a stroke. Palmer had started the round four strokes behind Player, and at one point in the afternoon had trailed by as many as six strokes. Now all he had to do was finish in even par to collect the trophy and the biggest single paycheck in golf.

When Palmer hit a good straight drive up the fairway on the 72nd hole, he seemed to have the championship won. But the seven-iron shot he used to approach the green strayed into a bunker and lodged in a slight depression. In trying to

**QUICK TO SMILE.** Gary Player flashed a giant grin of relief in the clubhouse.



hit it out with a sand wedge Palmer bounced the ball over the green, past spectators and down the slope toward a TV tower.

Afterwards, Palmer told Charlie Coe, his last-round partner, that he simply played the hole too fast. He did seem hasty on his second and third shots, but then there was an agonizing wait of several minutes while Coe graciously putted out, giving Palmer a chance to recover his composure, which he had quite visibly lost.

When the shaken Palmer finally did hit his fourth shot, he overshot the hole by 15 feet. Palmer was now putting merely for a tie, and Player, who was sitting beside his wife and watching it all on television in Tournament Chairman Clifford Roberts' clubhouse apartment, stared in amazement when Palmer missed the putt.

Palmer's 281 for the four rounds at Augusta was a comfortable four strokes ahead of the next closest pro, but it was barely good enough for a second-place tie with Coe. The lean and leathery Oklahoma amateur, who has been playing topnotch tournament golf for many years, refused to let the Masters jitters overtake him and closed the tournament with his second straight 69.

#### End at seven

Until late last Saturday afternoon Palmer had played seven consecutive rounds of golf at the Masters—four last year and three this—with-out ever being out of first place. As evening approached and Palmer finished his Saturday round with a disappointing one-over-par 73, this remarkable record was still intact, thanks to his Thursday and Friday rounds of 68 and 69. His three-round total of 210 was three strokes better than the next best score, a 213 by Bill Collins, the tall and deliberate Baltimorean who had been playing very well all winter long.

But Palmer knew, as did everybody else at Augusta, that his streak was about to be broken. Half an hour after he finished his round, Player holed out at the 18th green with a 69 and a three-round total of 206, four strokes ahead of Palmer.

More than a streak had ended. Long after the erratic climate and

continued



PALMER AGONIZES AS 15-FOOT PUTT JUST MISSES—IT WOULD HAVE MEANT A TIE



SONDER AMATEUR, CHARLIE COE, MISSED BIRDIE PUTT ON 18TH AND THE FOR FIRST

#### UNFORGETTABLE DUEL *continued*

the washed-out final round on Sunday have become meteorological footnotes, the 1961 Masters will be remembered as the scene of the *mano a mano* between Arnold Palmer and Gary Player. Unlike most such sports rivalries, it appeared to have developed almost spontaneously, although this was not exactly the case.

When the winter tour began at Los Angeles last January there was no one in sight to challenge Palmer's towering prestige. As if to confirm his stature, he quickly won three of the first eight tournaments. Player won only one. But as the tour reached Pensacola a month ago, Player was leading Palmer in official winnings by a few hundred dollars, and the rest of the field was somewhere off in nowhere. On the final round at Pensacola, the luck of the draw paired Palmer and Player in the same threesome and, although it was far from obvious at the time, the gallery was treated to the first chapter of what promises to be one of the most exciting duels in sport for a long time to come.

On that final Sunday at Pensacola neither Palmer nor Player was leading

the tournament and, as it turned out, neither won it. But whichever of these two finished ahead of the other would be the undisputed financial leader of the tour. Player immediately proved he was not in the least awed by the dramatic proximity of Palmer. He outplayed Palmer all around the course and finished with a tremendous 65 to Palmer's 71. Thereafter, until the Masters, Player gradually increased his lead over Palmer in winnings and added one more tournament victory at Miami. When they reached Augusta last week, together they had won five of the 13 tournaments to date.

#### Instant rivalry

On Thursday, the first day of the Masters, the contest between Palmer and Player developed instantly. It was a dismal, drizzly day but a good one on which to score over the Augusta National course. The usually sickly greens were moist and soft, so the golfers were able to strike their approach shots boldly at the flagstick and putt firmly toward the hole without too much worry about the consequences. Palmer's 4-under-par 68 got him off to an early lead, which he shared with Bob Rosburg. But

John Lee

Player was only one stroke back, with a 69.

Even so, it was still not clear to many in the enormous horde of spectators—unquestionably the largest golf crowd ever—that this tournament was to be, essentially, a match between Palmer and Player. A lot of people were still thinking about Jack Nicklaus, the spectacular young amateur, who had a 70; or Ken Venturi, who had a somewhat shaky 72 but was bound to do better; or Rosburg, whose accurate short game and super-sensitive putter can overcome so many of Augusta's treacheries; or even old Byron Nelson, whose excellent 71 made one wonder if he had solved the geriatric aspects of golf. (On Thursday nobody except Charlie Coe was thinking of Charlie Coe.)

On Friday, a day as cloudless and lovely as Thursday had been gray and ugly, the plot of the tournament came clearly into focus. Rosburg had started early in the day, and by the time Palmer and Player were on the course—separated, as they were destined to be for the rest of the weekend, by about half an hour—they could see on the numerous scoreboards spotted around the course that Rosburg, who ended with a 73, was not having a good day.

As Player began his second round in a twosome with amateur Bill Hyndman, his share of the gallery was not conspicuously large for a contender. Player began with a birdie on the first hole, added five straight pars and then another birdie at the 9th. On the back nine he began to acquire the tidal wave of a gallery that stayed with him the rest of the tournament. He birdied the 13th, the 15th and the 18th—five birdies, one bogey and 12 pars for a 68.

Starting half an hour behind Player in company with British Open Champion Kel Nagle, Palmer birdied the 2nd, the 9th, the 13th and the 16th—four birdies, one bogey and 13 pars for a 69. The roar of Palmer's gallery as he sank a thrilling putt would roll out across the parklike landscape of Augusta, only to be answered moments later by the roar of Player's gallery for a similar triumph. At one point late in the day, when Palmer was lining up a 25-foot putt on the 16th, a thunderous cheer from the direction of the 18th green unmistakably announced that Player had birdied the final hole. Without

so much as a grimace or a gesture to show that he had noticed (although he later admitted that he had) Palmer proceeded to sink his 25-footer, and his gallery sent its explosive vocalization rolling back along the intervening fairways in reply.

#### The boldness of champions

Anyone who now doubted that a personal duel was under way had only to watch how these exceptionally gifted golfers were playing this most difficult golf course. It is almost axiomatic that golfers who dominate the game of golf for any period of time attack their shots with a vehemence bordering on violence. The bad luck that can so often mar a well-played round of golf is simply overpowered and obliterated by the contemptuous boldness of these champions. Bob Jones played that way. Byron Nelson did. Hogan did. And last week at the Masters Palmer and Player did.

As the third round of the tournament began on Saturday and the duel was resumed in earnest, it was Player's superior aggressiveness that carried him into the lead. This day Palmer had started first. As Player stepped on the first tee he knew that Palmer had birdied the first two holes and already was 2 under par for the day. Player immediately proceeded to follow suit. In fact, he went on to birdie the 6th and 8th as well, to go 4 under par for the first eight holes.

But Player's real test came on the ninth hole, a downhill dogleg to the left measuring 420 yards. He hit a poor tee shot, pulling it off into the pine woods separating the 9th and first fairways. Having hit one of the trees, the ball came to rest not more than 150 yards out. Player then had the choice of punching the ball safely out of the woods to the 9th fairway and settling for a bogey 5, or gambling. The latter involved hitting

a full four-wood out to the first fairway and toward the clubhouse, hoping to slice it back to the deeply bunkered 9th green.

"I was hitting the ball well," Player said later, "and I felt strong. When you're playing like that you'd better attack."

Player attacked with his four-wood and hit a shot that few who saw it will ever forget. It struck the 9th green on the fly and stopped just off the edge. From there he chipped back and sank his putt for a par 4.

Palmer, meanwhile, had been having his troubles. They started on the 4th hole, a 220-yard par-3. On this day the wind had switched 180° from the northwest to the southeast, and nearly every shot on the course was different from the previous few days. At the 4th tee Palmer chose to hit a one-iron when a three-wood was the proper club, so he put the ball in a bunker in front of the green. His

*continued on page 21*

ON ONE OF HIS FEW VISITS TO ROUGH, PLAYER PREPARES TO LIFT OUT FROM DIFFICULT FIRST-DAY LIE UNDER GIANT PINES



# YES, THERE IS A NEW MANTLE

Healthy, relaxed and at last on good terms with the world, the Yanks' super center fielder may now be headed for his biggest year since 1956

by TEX MAULE

Ralph Houk, manager of the New York Yankees, moved in a small circle in the team dressing room, eying an imaginary pop fly. A small group of players, in various stages of undress, watched him. One clutched his stomach with both arms and doubled over with helpless laughter even before Houk finished his story. He was Mickey Mantle.

"Finally the ball came down and he missed it by five feet," Houk said, making a desperate lunge for the ball. "Then he looked at it lying on the ground and started to sneak up on it." Houk eyed a patch of bare floor and stalked it in elaborate pantomime. All the players were laughing now, Mantle rocking back and forth with glee.

"Finally, he pounced on the ball and dug a hole and buried it, right there behind home plate," Houk said, suiting action to his words.

"Holy gee," said Mantle, between gasps of laughter. "Holy gee."

He finished suiting up slowly, listening to Yogi Berra tell about a trip he took to Venezuela during which an irate fan tried to pink a manager with a .45 for taking out a pitcher. Again Mantle doubled up with laughter.

He wrapped his left leg in a long rubber bandage, extending from below the calf to above his weak knee. Earlier he had had heat treatment for his right shoulder and supersonic treatment for pulled stomach muscles. But he was cheerful, relaxed and happy when he walked out of the dressing room into the bright morning sunshine at Miller Huggins Field in St. Petersburg.

One of the ubiquitous photographers who dog the Yankees watched Mantle and shook his head unbelievably. "He waved and barked hello at me in the parking lot a little while ago," he said. "What's happened to him?"

A TV announcer approached Mickey and asked if he would submit to a brief taped interview and Mantle obliged gracefully. He was smiling when the announcer opened: "You must be happy now that Casey Stengel is gone. He really gave you a bad time, didn't he?"

Mantle's smile died, but he did not lose his temper. "I liked Casey," he said mildly. "The things he said to me and about me I always figured were for my own good."

"I see where you're supposed to be the leader of the Yankees this year," the announcer went on, his voice larded with sarcasm. "How do you feel when you sit in the dugout beside a great leader like Joe DiMaggio?"

Mantle looked at the announcer

WIDE SMILE REFLECTS MICKEY MANTLE'S CHEERFUL DISPOSITION THIS SEASON





a moment, his face darkening. He made an obvious effort to control his temper and lost. "Go — —," he said angrily and walked away. Moments later he was laughing again as he took part in a pepper game with Moose Skowron, Tony Kubek and Bobby Richardson. You could hear the high-pitched whinnying of his laughter over the pop and clack of the players warming up in a half dozen pepper games.

In batting practice he smashed a Whitey Ford pitch far over the center-field fence. "Throw me some more of them," he called to Whitey. "Nope," Whitey said. "I'm going to throw you my overpowering stuff, No. 7." Mantle laughed and hit the next pitch on a line over the right-field fence.

This is the new Mickey Mantle—relaxed, confident, easily moved to laughter, quick to forget affront, approachable. He had his best spring since 1956 (the year he hit 52 home runs), hitting the ball with violence from both sides of the plate, fielding with his usual casual grace and effectiveness. Early on, Houk had said that this is the year Mantle takes over as the Yankee team leader; unconsciously, Mantle has done so. In the bull sessions in the dressing room the stories are directed to Mantle, his opinion is asked.

"I don't know about the leader thing," Mantle said one morning. "It depends on how I do. You hit .350, you're a leader. You hit .250, you're not. These guys are pros. They don't want a .250 leader. Nobody does."

He sat before his locker, wearing only the knee-length shorts the Yankees wear under their uniforms. He is a blocky man, maybe 20 pounds heavier now, after 10 years, than he was as a 19-year-old rookie. His face was serious; he is not an introspective man and he was thinking, now, of how he had changed in 10 years.

"I guess in the last year or so I've learned how to take the bad days," he said slowly. "You know, the days you go 0 for 4. I can forget them now. Used to be I'd worry."

He was quiet again for a moment.

"I didn't make up my mind to forget them," he said. "It wasn't anything like that. It just came on gradually. Funny thing, if I go 0 for

4 and we lose, the writers make a big thing out of me not hitting. Somebody else, who may be hitting for a better average, goes 0 for 4, and they don't notice it."

He grinned suddenly.

"Works the other way, too," he said. "I get a single and drive in a run and we win a ball game and they pay more attention to that than to a home run by somebody else. Billy Martin used to kid me about that. We had a lot of fun together. One year we hit home runs in the same game about eight times. Billy would read me the story and it would tell about my home run, how long it was, you know. Then at the end he'd say, 'P.S. Martin also homered.'"

("I think we were good for each other," Martin said about Mantle. "I think they made a mistake trading me. I kept Mickey relaxed. They said I was leading Mickey astray, but the guy won the triple crown in 1956 when I was with him. I wish somebody would lead me astray that way." A Yankee official disagrees. "Martin was Mantle's jester," he said. "Sure, he was good for Mickey as long as he kept it in bounds. But the jester has to keep topping himself to get laughs and Weiss was afraid Martin would do something that would get him and Mickey in bad trouble. I didn't like Weiss but I think he was right in trading Martin.")

"This is a more relaxed camp," Mickey said. "That helps. I don't feel any pressure on me. Maybe I don't any time. I know I don't in a game. But it's relaxed this year."

He thought about pressure for a while. As the heir apparent to DiMaggio, he has always been expected to perform as a superstar; often he has.

"I didn't even feel any pressure when I came up," he said. "Mostly because I didn't expect to stink. Then they signed me and I couldn't buy a hit and they sent me down to Kansas City. I guess that's the worst I ever felt. I got way down and I went 1 for 20 in Kansas City and I figured maybe I wasn't as good as I thought. Then my dad came to Kansas City to see me; all he ever wanted me to do was be a major leaguer. I told him maybe I better quit and find something else to do and he said, 'Mickey, if that's all the guts you

got, pack up and come home with me now and be a miner.' After he went home I couldn't do anything wrong. I hit about 15 home runs and knocked in 55, 56 runs in three weeks and they brought me back to New York."

He was almost dressed now.

"People have said I was surly and hard to talk to," he said. "I got stung a few times talking to sports-writers. The ones who put things in my mouth I didn't say, I quit talking to. I'd just nod or say 'Yes' or 'No' and they gave me that reputation. It doesn't bother me any more. I don't care what they say."

He looked across the Yankee dressing room. Two writers were talking to one another in a corner and he nodded at them.

"Someone's gonna get cut up in the morning," he said and grinned. "You watch."

He was ready to leave now, but he waited a moment. "You have all you need?" he asked courteously. "If you want anything else, holler."

He walked away, a compact, wide figure in sport shirt and slacks, surprisingly small. Ralph Houk, who had finished dressing by now, too, watched him go.

"He's grown up," Houk said. "He's a man now. Mature. I think his mind's at ease and it shows in the way he plays. He's happy about the money he's getting and that makes a difference, too. He should have a big year. He's in better shape this year than he has been during the spring for a long time."

The only trouble Mantle has had this year was a slight muscle pull in the lower abdomen and that disappeared quickly.

"I was congratulating myself at night on what a good manager I am," Houk said and laughed. "Getting Mickey into such good shape and no injuries. Then he got the muscle pull. It might not have been bad, but he played with it for three days before he told me about it. That's the way Mickey is. Lots of times he plays with injuries and doesn't tell you about it."

The dressing room was empty now, and Houk walked outside.

"He's got a great potential," he said. "He could have another year like 1956. I hope he does." **END**





## Frank and Forgiving

"Hello, Carmen," said Frankie Carbo, boxing's top hoodlum. "Hi, Frankie," said Carmen Basilio (left), the former welter and middleweight champion of the world. Then the two shook hands outside a Los Angeles courtroom. What made this normally unremarkable exchange a remarkable one last week was that inside the courtroom Carbo, currently serving a jail term, stood accused, in effect, of taking over boxing for the underworld, while Basilio was a prosecution witness testifying against him. Although the handshake appeared a set-up—Frankie abruptly shoved through a crowd to wring Carmen's hand—Basilio said tolerantly: "I know who he is, so I shook hands with him. I'd shake his hand again. God forgives everybody. Who am I not to forgive?"



## The Big William Tell



The Big Apple was the big thing for dance-mad collegians of the 1930s, but today's young intellectuals call that kind of nonsense applesauce. The dance getting the big play these days at the University of Tennessee is an undergraduate invention called "The UT," an art form deriving its fancy footwork and interpretive pantomime from the world of sports. Here, as a juke box

hicups a 4/4 beat are a couple of UT dancers at work: Bill Parish, pretending to be an archer, takes a weaving bead on an imaginary apple sitting on Pat Nichols' head. His aim, alas, is low, and Pat, squarely drilled between the eyes, flutters and falters to rival Odette in *Swan Lake*. The UT, report observers of the southeastern college scene, is catching on like—well, like archery.

*Photograph by Jay B. Levin*

# AN ANGLER'S TREASURE

*From the broad, dark waters of the Russian River (below) to the bass reservoirs in the lowlands of Napa County, from the salmon trolling grounds off the Farallon Islands*



# BY THE GOLDEN GATE

*to the winding sloughs in the thousand miles of waterways in the Delta, the San Francisco area offers a fascinating, ever-changing challenge to the sport fisherman. On the*

*following pages, Artist Thomas B. Allen captures in his paintings and Robert de Roos depicts in words the many moods and seasons of this unique city-state for anglers*



**I**n the cloudy dawn fly-fishermen cast out from the edge of the Russian River, while farther out in the stream three boatloads of anglers work the water with spoons and plugs. Famous for its steelhead runs, the Russian is a favorite of San Francisco sportsmen, who wade its banks throughout the late fall and winter, on the chance of a strike from one of the sea-run trout.

CONTINUED

## The Many Moods of a Fisherman's City

**L**ike all cities, San Francisco is many things to many people. To some The City—as it is known to all its residents and admirers—is sophistication; the elegance of luncheon in the Palace Hotel's Garden Court, the soft light of dinner at the Fleur de Lys. To others it is mystery: Russian and Telegraph hills after dark, when the fog rolls over them and makes the neon bleed in the night. To epicures, San Francisco is the city of exquisite fish and shellfish. Almost everyone, as a matter of fact, knows it is a good place to go to eat seafood. Thus far, only a favored few know that The City also is a wonderful place to go fishing.

A hundred-mile circle drawn around the city takes in the Russian and Gualala rivers, with their superb steelhead; the sprawling Delta, where in April the striped bass begin to move and spawn; perhaps 50 trout streams north and south of the city and in the Sierra foothills to the east; a scattering of fine bass lakes; and, finally, a chunk of the Pacific Ocean, with its bounty of stripers and salmon and bottom fish.

The terrain in the Bay area was made for the many moods of the fisherman. North of the city the coastline is steep and rocky. Few towns encroach on this aloof and lonely shore, where sea lions bark in the surf and sea birds rest on the cliff.

South of San Francisco, the coastline is gentler. Suburbs are advancing down the shore line. It is beautiful, wind-cleaned country, with a flashing surf bounding against the rocks. The trees are twisted; the burns are gray from the salt wind. And the road south to Santa Cruz crosses a dozen streams that form shallow lagoons where they meet the sea.

There is no universal opening day for San Franciscans, partly because they have such a variety of fish that no one species dominates, but also because most California fish can be legally pursued the year round. There is, however, one exceptionally fine month to go fishing. That is April, a time of sharp, wind-washed days interspersed with days of buttery sunshine. At this time a brave army of trout-fishing traditionalists carries out a uniquely urban ceremony which, in San Francisco, passes for opening day.

Lake Merced, a shallow pond set well within the city limits, is full of planted rainbows. On April 29 a thousand anglers standing arm on arm will start flashing the water, hoping for a strike. It is a miracle, during this yearly ceremony, that the flying tackle misses so many fishermen; but then it misses most of the fish, too. In a way it is a pity the fishing is so frantic and fruitless, for the lake contains an abundant supply of fresh-water shrimp, and the rainbows feeding on them sometimes grow upwards of three pounds.

Farther out of town the fish are smaller, but the sport, if anything, is rougher. In the early mist and occasional wet snow of the Sierra's western slope, anglers pile out of their cars to throw worms, nymphs and spinners into the American River paralleling Highway 50 and the Yuba along Highway 40.

For their pains, they get hatchery-raised trout about seven or eight inches long. Those who fish the larger streams, like the Trinity, have a fair chance of taking a steelhead, if their light tackle—and skill—can stand up to the thundering strike.

Most San Franciscans, however, leave the trout for other months and take their spring fishing in the gentler lowland lakes. April and May are fine for black bass (try it with a fly rod and popping bug; let the bug rest on the surface and pop it from time to time), crappie and bluegill at Lake Berryessa and other ponds and reservoirs in Napa County.

Berryessa is a new lake, held up by Monticello Dam. The fish are not very large as yet; a pound and a half is a good bass there. Still, the lake is considered a hot spot now. But if it follows the pattern of other warm-water reservoirs fishing is due to slack off before too many years. Clear Lake, in contrast, is a natural lake, and has been good, very good, for 50 years. Fishing on Clear Lake starts in March, and for some weeks now sportsmen have been out after catfish, white and black crappie, bluegill and black bass.

Their devout following notwithstanding, the trout, black bass and bluegill are only lightweight opponents for fishermen within the hundred-mile circle. The heavyweights are the striped bass; they go up to 60 pounds, and the best place to find them in April is the Delta.

The Delta is a triangle of land formed by the tortuous mingling of the Sacramento, San Joaquin and Mokelumne rivers where they meet to make their final run to the Gate. The points of the triangle are San Francisco, Sacramento and Stockton, and it encloses a rich agricultural area tightly interlaced with waterways. The Delta is an artificial land, built last century, when the rivers were choked with silt from the hydraulic mining of gold and overflowed the land. Hydraulic mining was outlawed in 1884, and Chinese coolies, left over from the completion of the transcontinental railway, were put to work dredging up levees and restoring the land. In some ways the restoration turned out to be better than nature's original. Through the Delta there now flow a thousand miles of fishing and cruising channels—rivers, cuts, sloughs and reaches—a watery world on the doorstep of a city.

I lived in San Francisco 20 years before I really found my way into the Delta. I had known about it, of course, from riding the levee road to Sacramento, looking down on the blooming pear orchards, the myriad islands with their low

*continued*

**I**n a tableau of triumph, a deep-sea fisherman and his party-boat captain display the shining bulk of a tye salmon taken near the Farallon Islands off San Francisco.







Standing at ease in the quiet moment between breaking waves, net fishermen in their hooded oilskins prepare to harvest the spring run of smelt. When next rotter carries smelt close to shore, men will charge into water to scoop up schools of tiny, wriggling fish.





**H**anging between cloud layer and low hills south of Golden Gate, afternoon sun casts orange glow on a lone surfer as he trudges from beach with day's catch.

**F**unnel of tumbling, squalling gulls is signal to San Francisco anglers that big stripers are moving about the bay, chasing bottfish to surface, where gulls feed on them.





Perched on corner of jetty near Golden Gate, herring gull displays catch while fisherman behind him waits for first strike.

growths of willows and bulrushes. I had watched the tiny ferryboats scuttling back and forth between the islands and seen the common but always startling sight of ocean-bound freighters threading through the channels, the water they ride on hidden from view by the intervening willows.

When I finally landed on the Delta in 1936, it was a striped bass that brought me there. The fish was served to me at a friend's home, its delicate white flesh cooked with love and melted butter. "Where did you buy this?" I asked my host. "You don't buy striped bass," he said, proudly. "You catch them."

This struck me as a preentious remark, but it turned out to be true. There is a black market in striped bass in the purlieus of San Francisco Bay. And the striper is by law exclusively a game fish, with the catch limited to three a day, the legal size being 16 inches. Some 250,000 San Franciscans—including me—go after them annually.

About 80% of the anglers use bait. Chunked or filleted sardines are the most popular, although stripers have been taken on flies. They are also taken regularly by trollers using feathered spoons and plugs. For some reason the stripers do not rise to the lures that have been so successful in the eastern fishery—bucktails, sea worms and eel rigs.

Hap Robertson, who runs Hap's Place at Rio Vista, recommends chumming, on the experience of a customer who fishes for stripers almost every weekend; and, according to Hap, he catches the limit almost every time he comes out. Hap calls him "the best fisherman I know," and adds: "He has a chum box made of quarter-inch hardware cloth, 8 by 8 by 14 inches. He cuts up and mashes sardines in this, and then hangs the box behind his boat and bounces it away with the tide, about 20 feet from the boat. He fishes within a few feet of the box."

Hap advises light tackle. "The male fish hit hard, and you don't have to worry about any delicacy of touch," he says. "But the sows pick up the bait, mouth it and move along a little way. If they feel the weight of the line or drag of the reel, they'll drop the bait and leave."

During April and May, while the stripers are still spawning, they stay close to the Delta, wandering the shallows off China Camp and the Hamilton Field flats. In the Delta itself, they move around Venice Island and Oulton Point. Then in early June the mature fish start downstream toward the Bay and the ocean. On the way they pass through Carquinez Strait, and here they are most easily caught by trolling. For

reasons I can't even guess at, the stripers slash at the lures most honestly during the evening hours. The first time I went there I was aboard a party boat out of Dowdell's Resort at Crockett. For an hour nothing happened. Then the skipper ordered us to get our lines out of the water, and raced toward a cloud of diving birds. He slowed the boat as we neared the birds and we cast lines again. Within seconds, every reel on the boat was screeching. During the next five minutes fish flopped aboard in a silver stream. Lines became so tangled that there was no hope of straightening them out. My line had merged with three others—and on the four lines were five fish. The line with two fish was plainly mine, but there was some disagreement about it. After that flurry, 15 anglers had 19 fish. And for the next two hours, before we headed back to Dowdell's, there was not another strike.

Once past Carquinez Strait, the stripers begin to run along the seashore, sometimes—to the pleasure of surf fishermen—churning the water white as they pursue bait fish into small coves. For the rest of the summer, and before they wander back into the Delta, they can be caught almost anywhere in the Bay area. Fishermen troll for them off Alcatraz and in Raccoon Strait. The striper is also pursued by jetty jockeys from the shore and piers of San Francisco to Coyote Point in San Mateo County, and the surf fishermen keep a close watch on the beaches north and south.

On some of the same beaches other fishermen will be scanning the water for the first schools of smelt, which start their spring run sometime around St. Patrick's Day. From then until September the surf regularly teems with millions of the wriggling silver fish. Just as regularly, the surf is empty, for the smelt seems to lead a helter-skelter life and is extremely hard to outguess.

Ed Watt, who manages Martin's Beach, says the smelt run about four days a week. "One day they'll come in at 10:30 in the morning and the next day at 2:30—or not at all."

When word of a run gets around, the smelt jumpers converge. Some carry one-man A-frame nets having a maximum width of six feet. Other two-man teams carry 20-foot horizontal nets, and charge into the surf as if they were setting up a badminton game. This wild action takes place at any hour of the day or night. It results in two distinctly different sizes of smelt, depending on the hour. Day fish run about 10 to the pound, and night fish run 30 to the pound.

Both are delicious if cooked as follows: dip in pancake mix

*continued*



*Surf caster holds limit of three striped bass*



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## SAN FRANCISCO continued

and fry for two minutes in deep hot fat (375°). When the fish are cool enough, twist off the tail. Give the head a quarter turn each way, then pull steadily, and the head, bones and all the insides come out at once. You are left with a hollow, crisp tidbit.

Prowling the rocky headlands near these same beaches is another strange breed of hunting cat, the abalone man. Armed with a screwdriver, he sloshes among the weeds of low tide, sometimes covered entirely by the cold surf, bending to feel out the abalone. When his hand encounters one of the hard, slippery shells, he uses the screwdriver to pry the reluctant abalone off its rock.

The shorebound abalone are small, and it sometimes takes a long, wet time to harvest the limit of five. To get the big ones, you must swim out to sea and dive for them. Most abalone hunters take along a float made by enclosing an inner tube in heavy canvas, leaving a slit in the top side to receive the catch. Some use two carbon-dioxide life preservers with a net strung between. Others, seeking what little comfort the sport provides, use one- and two-man rubber boats. I went out once with a friend of mine, Police Sergeant Robert McCusker. We pushed our floats before us and headed for sea, wearing exposure suits and fins. We dived in cold water from eight to 35 feet deep, and it was all free diving—meaning no air tanks. "We do not use air," McCusker says, "simply because it is illegal." He is an expert diver, and can afford to be law-abiding.

What you get after all this trouble and discomfort is a sea snail, an ugly-looking gastropod that must be pried from its shell, trimmed and cleaned and beaten with a mallet before it is edible. Says the official bulletin of the California Department of Fish and Game: "A slice of abalone before it is pounded has the consistency of the tread of a better grade tire casing." But when thoroughly pounded, dipped in beaten egg and flour and cooked in hot fat very quickly, it is one of the world's delicacies.

Despite the gastronomic rewards, there

continued

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## SAN FRANCISCO *continued*

are not a few anglers who refuse to classify abalone-pounding and smelt-jumping as genuine forms of fishing. There is an even fussier group of San Franciscans which looks down on all forms of marine quarry save one—the tyee, or king salmon. These fish come big. The smallest keeper must be at least 22 inches long; and occasionally a fish is landed that weighs 60 pounds and more.

As a tribute to the lordly tyee, San Francisco fishermen have created one of the world's richest deposits of cast iron on the ocean bottom between the Golden Gate and the Farallon Islands. In this deep water they get their anchovy baits down with a three-pound iron ball held to the line by a spring. Every time a salmon strikes, the spring opens up, and down goes another sinker. Thousands of them lie in the deep, ready for mining.

The loss of one or a dozen 40¢ sinkers has never discouraged the San Francisco

salmon fisherman. He is a hardy fellow, likely to arise at 4 in the morning, ready to put the contents of his stomach against the considerable roll of the ocean swells that lie between him and his distant fishing ground.

Like the smelt, the tyee salmon are unpredictable. Early in the season (March) they tend to move around the Farallons, where they feed on shrimp, baby rockfish and anchovies. In a normal year their feeding is almost undisturbed by fishermen, for at this season the average wind is 30 knots. Often I have been turned back by near gales and heavy waves after my charter boat was 10 bucking miles out. But this year the winds have been kind, and the early salmon run is the best in my memory. Every day many boats have been coming back with the limit (three per man) of strong, fat fish.

By June the tyee leave the Farallons and move in toward the Bay. This is the



Hundred-mile circle around San Francisco takes in matchless variety of angling, from trout pools of Yuba River to Delta backwaters and deep-reef fishing holes west of Golden Gate.



peak time for the tyee fisherman. Every morning at 6 about 150 charter and party boats carrying from six to 12 people each leave their docks at Sausalito, Berkeley, San Francisco and other Bay points. To my mind, these quiet, early-morning departures can be among the pleasantest things in life. Wisps of fog shroud the Bay, the sun barely lights the ridge on Belvedere peninsula. The sleepy harbor seals lie like giant sloths on the mooring buoys, staring with large, unblinking eyes at outgoing fishermen.

Although the favorite lure is still the deep-trolled anchovy, many anglers are abandoning the traditional heavy gear for spinning rods; they report good results and more fight per salmon.

Late in the season, in September, the tyee start moving toward the Sacramento River to spawn. And a man with light tackle can get some exciting action by trolling in San Pablo Bay and the Sacramento. The trick is to troll upstream and so slowly that the spinner barely keeps its beat. The trick, too, is to avoid intimate contact with the giant sturgeon, which have a nursery in San Pablo Bay. In the fall an antic mood grips these immense, armored fish and, bursting with love, they fling themselves high out of the water. Since sturgeon run to nine or 10 feet, this is quite a sight.

Although it is legal to take them by casting and bottom-fishing, no one really goes out after sturgeon. Usually they are hooked by some astonished salmon or striped fisherman who blunders into one, losing his tackle in the process. If the tackle happens to stay intact the smallest keeper is 50 inches long.

September and October, too, are the times when the silver salmon start to come back into the hundred-mile circle from the depths of the Pacific. In these months and on to December they enter the tidal lagoons and smaller streams on their way up to spawn. Weighing from seven to 12 pounds, they are tremendous fighters, full of leap and dash. The best places are the mouth of the Russian River, the Gualala, Ten Mile River and the Garcia. Silvers are caught also in

*continued*



## Check up before you crack up!

Fair warning: The shock absorbers on your car were not put there just for comfort. They are primarily safety devices designed to keep your tires on the road and your car under control. So don't risk life and limb on worn, dangerous shocks. Have yours checked regularly, starting the very next time you visit your service station or garage.

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## SAN FRANCISCO (continued)

Tomales Bay and off Dillon Beach. The season has a short peak, because silvers should be taken before they lose their sea-given vigor. The season varies from stream to stream but generally follows the first heavy rains that wash away the sand bars at the mouths of the streams and allow the salmon in.

Not long after the silvers stop running, these same streams slowly come alive with steelhead. "They are wild and fast and heavy," says steelheader Doug Merrick, with reverence. "There's no other fishing like it. It's exciting as hell." Unique to the Pacific Coast, steelhead spend most of their time at sea, returning in late November to their birth streams to spawn. Unlike salmon, they do not die after spawning but may return year after year. At sea they are a steel-blue with bright silvery sides, and can be confused with salmon. One old fisherman advises, "If you can pick up a steelhead by the tail, it's a salmon." Once they move into fresh water, they develop a colorful stripe along their sides and greatly resemble rainbow trout.

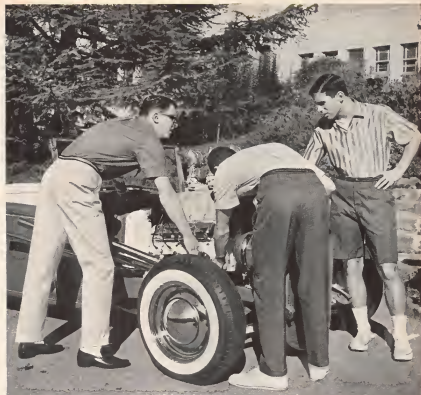
The Russian River is a splendid steelhead stream and attracts larger fish (averaging 10 pounds) than the northern rivers. The Gualala, the Garcia, the San Lorenzo and smaller coastal streams all harbor steelhead in the proper season. The proper season—late fall and winter—is wet and usually very cold. But the steelhead fishermen go out by the hundreds, cold and damp and happy. The purists fish with a light fly rod, with a sinking line and sinking fly. Others use two-handed spinning rods with wobblers, spinners and flashers. Still others use steelhead or salmon rod—preferably fresh—which they gather into a "strawberry" about as big as a thumbnail.

The steelhead population seems to be on the decline. One fisherman told me: "We used to count on at least one fish a day. Now we're glad to get one a trip."

These odds, and the bleak weather, are too much for any but the most unswerving angler. In fact, for many San Franciscans, the odds and discomforts of any type of fishing are too great if it

(continued)

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requires that they set foot outside the city limits. With special knowledge they do very well without ever leaving town.

One of their favorite spots is a deep and productive striped hole at the foot of Taraval Street. Fishing is also good (and so is crabbing) on the Army mine dock and at Old Fort Point under the Golden Gate Bridge. There are some good fresh-water ponds inside the Presidio. Anglers must get permission from the provost marshal, show their state fishing license and agree to abide by the military rules. A Presidio permit good for one year can be had free. And, of course, there is always Lake Merced.

Hidden all around the perimeter—mostly in the Bay—are dozens of other lively fishing holes. They aren't much to look at, but fish can be caught in them. One of the best is at the Pacific Gas & Electric Company's steam plant. The water flows from the plant at about 70°. This warm water attracts bait fish, and the striped bass are not far behind. Year after year the bass appear first at this site, and it is the last place they leave. Double Rock, the city dump just north of the new ball park at Candlestick Park, is also a favored spot. Islais Creek is popular, and so is the Red Stack Pier, mainly because it is one of the few privately operated wharves where fishermen are tolerated. Once in a while the management chases everybody for smoking, but within a few days—or hours—the fishermen are allowed to drift back.

At other spots the conflict between the workaday world and the dreamy world of fishermen is sometimes sharper. Where Mission Rock used to be (the rock is now blasted away), welders at the Bethlehem shipyard gawther of a spring night, looking for striped. To attract bait fish, they drop lights into the water. This is illegal. Several of the welders have been fired. The company, however, was not concerned with conservation or good sportsmanship. Its position was that welders on the night shift ought to weld, not fish. But there is no reasoning with a fisherman—not in San Francisco in the spring.

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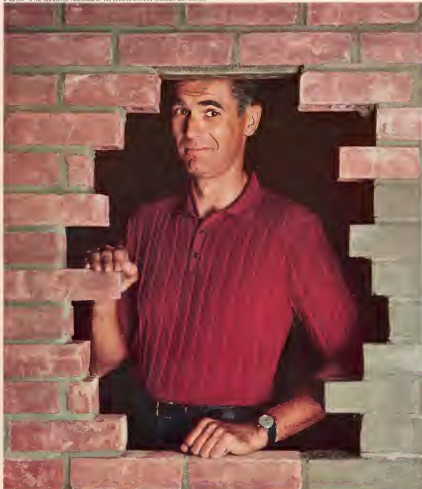
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# THE VIEW FROM CARSON'S HEAD

by ANTHONY CARSON



**O**n the following pages *Sports Illustrated* presents to American readers three remarkable sketches by the British author Anthony Carson. Few people on this side of the Atlantic have yet heard of Carson, but the London 'Observer' calls him 'one of the few great English humorous writers of the century.' In the tradition of Laurence Sterne, Robert Louis Stevenson and Hilaire Belloc he makes literature out of his travels. He was once a professional travel guide (and it's alarming to speculate on where he may have led the tourists), but here he scorns the Grand Tour in favor of the Great Ladies he talks about in these vignettes, all taken from his new book, 'Looking for a Bandit.'



## THE GIRL ON THE SANTA LUCIA

I had just arrived in Naples and decided to stay in a hotel on the sea front where I had formerly acted as travel agency courier, pushing tourists through cathedrals and museums and squeezing them out of grottoes. Although it was winter, the night of my arrival was tenderly spanned with moonlight, and I could hear the old wheedling Neapolitan songs echo from the little port of Santa Lucia. After dining in the restaurant I was strolling through the reception hall when I was approached by a young, frank man in a well-cut blue suit.

"Good evening, sir," he said. "I represent a Roman illustrated magazine, the *Terraviva*. Would you kindly give us your views on the Italian Woman?"

I looked at him in amazement. Why me? I was not a deposed monarch, a film star or an American.

"I have been told you are a writer," said the frank reporter, "and I would like to include you in the series we are running on the Women of Italy. Would you be kind enough to give us a few of your impressions and experiences and specify by what measurements and other anatomical advantages the Italian Woman surpasses those of other natives?"

"But I have only just arrived," I said.

"In that case," said the reporter, "I

trust you would not object if I have you photographed with a model on Santa Lucia."

"I would not," I said eagerly.

"Tomorrow at twelve then," said the reporter. "A photographer will call on you at the hotel."

The next day started with a thunderstorm and blew up to a high wind. The bay shimmered in fury, and Vesuvius frowned like an old man in a grey cloak. I waited, also shivering, in the reception hall and was approached by a plump man with a camera, who had the universal face, like a rubber ball, of the press photographer and was accompanied by a charming dark girl dressed in muslin and holding a parasol. "This is Sylvana," said the photographer. "She is not dressed exactly right for a day like this, but you see it always has to be summer for the foreign idea of the Italian Girl. Let us leave for Santa Lucia." After five minutes' wait we arrived at the mock port, crammed with film-set restaurants and haunted by tours, and sat down at a cafe.

"The idea is," said the photographer, "that you look approvingly at this girl as she passes by and I take your picture."

"Only too easy," I said.

"Thank you," said Sylvana, who understood a little English, "but please don't whistle."

She walked up and down and I looked at her, and the photographer took pictures. She was very pretty. Suddenly, absurdly and deliciously she flowered into the Italian Woman, and I was in

love for the forty-third time. The third time she walked by we were suddenly joined by a horse.

"Go away," shouted the photographer to the horse.

"Let's have him in the picture," cried Sylvana. "His sister makes my underclothes for me."

The horse, who appeared very tall and noble, was actually a small, sad man wearing a horse's head and selling lottery tickets. I bought one for four hundred lire. "You can win fifty million lire," said Sylvana, "in March." A small white dog pattered past us, and suddenly the horse, in its one successful moment, bowed down to the dog and sent it away in a panic of backward yellow eyes. When the photographer had finished his work I asked Sylvana to lunch with me.

"Are you a film star?" she asked. "You look like Gary Cooper." I told her I was a writer. "In that case we will eat spaghetti," she said with a sigh. When we arrived at the coffee we lit cigarettes and watched a boat sailing up and down the harbour. "Would you like to be my friend?" asked Sylvana suddenly, leaning over the table.

"Your friend . . ." I said.

"Yes," she said, with a sudden pleading in her eyes. "I have no friends. I have my *fukanzato*. He is in Sardinia."

"What does he do?" I asked.

"He is a bandit," she said simply.

"Oh," I said.

"He suddenly appears," she said.

"I see," I said.

"It is impossible for a girl like me to have friends in Naples. The women want to scratch my eyes out. As for the men, you have to call the fire brigade. Now you could be my friend because you are English. My *fukanzato* speaks English and has been to London."

"Did he stab anyone in London?" I asked.

"No," replied Sylvana. "When he came back I tried to stab him. He told me about an English girl called Darcy."

"Darcy," I said.

"So you could be my friend. Where are you staying?"

"In the Hotel Pompeii," I said.

"The Hotel Pompeii? But that's absurd if you are not a film star. Why not come and live in my *persone* near the Via Roma?" She waved goodbye to the horse. "It is very cheap, and they will do your washing free."

The next day I moved into the *persone*. It was at the top of a very high building where, for some reason or other,



they were repairing the stairs, and you had to climb over workmen in masks, shrouded in dust. Sylvana was waiting for me and introduced me to the Signora. "Please forgive the stairs," she said. "The work will be finished in a little month." In most of Italy a little month means about three months, but in Naples it means six months to a year. I met the other guests of the *pensione*. There was a young lady tailor, a male Monarchist, a female variety artist and a dumpy lady from Calabria who was always bursting into tears. The Signora also had a daughter of nine called Carotta, who was learning her verbs. "You can learn them with her," said the Signora rather unkindly.

The *pensione* was extremely clean and had a bathroom with a bath of the Garibaldi period, in which one sat on a marble throne and dabbled in a saucenpan full of hot water. After the bath I joined Sylvana for breakfast, and she got to work on a scarf she was knitting. "You must never tell my *fidanzato* I knitted this for you," she said.

"I promise you I won't," I said.

Sylvana was twenty-one years old and had only lately arrived from her mother's home in Bari. She dressed with the charming spontaneous brilliance of nearly every Italian girl, but had a childish passion for tin boxes. "Come and see them," she said, taking my hand and pulling me into the room which she shared with the lady tailor. "This is for my jewellery. This is for make-up. This is for toilet articles. And this is for letters from my *fidanzato*." She showed me the letters, and one of them appeared to be stained with blood. I then looked at the boxes and up at the charming, fashionably dressed girl. One of the boxes of sweets had on it a picture of Vesuvius and, in the foreground, a lady in a pink bow bonnet, and another advertised smart Milanese cough lozenges. "If you come across a tin . . ." she hinted.

"But I have a tin," I said, in the tone of a man who is able to offer a girl a smart apartment near the Piazza del Plebiscito. It was a tin which I had bought in London, and which had contained glucose and drops, at a time when I had believed glucose was the solution to vile weather and indigestion. On the lid were strawberries, lemons, cherries, damsons and gooseberries.

"This is sheer loveliness," cried Sylvana, "and into it I will immediately transfer the letters of my *fidanzato*."

That afternoon we went to a cinema with which was also combined a music

hall. The film was a Western and contained Red Indians. Although it was dubbed into Italian, conversations between the Red Indians were retained in their original language, and every time this occurred Sylvana asked me to translate.

"But it's Red Indian," I said.

"Never mind," she ordered, "translate it."



There was nothing else to do but to invent dialogue until the Italian version reappeared. Before the music hall started, Sylvana piloted me to the front row of the stalls.

"Why are we moving?" I asked.

"So that you can see their legs," she said in a surprised tone.

The telephone in the *pensione* was never still. Many of the calls were from a man called the Unknown and were shared by Sylvana and the lady tailor. Somehow the Unknown had acquired the *pensione* telephone number and imagined he was always talking to the same girl. After long torrid conversations, into which Sylvana poured all her art and flame, the maddened Unknown was given rendezvous in Sorrento, Castellammare and Positano. Once after waiting for three hours, he rang from a policeman's cabin on top of Vesuvius. But one day the telephone rang, and Sylvana ran to it like a clairvoyant and cried "Giulio . . . Giulio" with the voice of a bird.

After hearing the conversation I trans-

ferred my affections to the lady tailor, who was dark, secretly seductive and was able to say "Kiss me" and "O.K., honey, let's go." She didn't know what the last phrase meant.

One day when the *pensione* was empty Sylvana accosted me furiously. "What do you mean by behaving like this?" she cried. "It's disgusting. Am I nothing to you?" I looked at her angry, lovely face and remembered how Italy had slipped into my heart and out again. She was suddenly crying. "A lady tailor," she sobbed. "It's unthinkable, and you have your picture in the paper." At that moment I took her in my arms, and then the door opened. A thickset man slipped in and stood there looking at us. "Giulio," cried Sylvana, "this is my English friend. He is comforting me. . . ." As I left the *pensione* I could hear her crying and saying "Deezy" over and over again.

Five minutes later I ran into the journalist of the *Yevre* who had visited me at the Hotel Pompeii. "I have been looking for you everywhere," he said. "The photographs were splendid. Now I've got to get this interview from you about the Italian Woman. As you've only just arrived in Italy we'll go around to where you are staying and invent something."

## LORELEI

Go to St. Goarshausen," said the lady in the travel bureau, pointing at a map of the Rhine. "It is near Lorelei." There was a picture of a girl combing her golden hair and a cat looking out of a castle at a mouse looking out of a castle.

"What are these animals doing?" I asked the lady.

"Those are Castle Cat and Castle Mouse. It is beautiful there, and you can go and see the Lorelei."

I took a train to St. Goarshausen. I sat down at a neat tea-house tavern and watched the Rhine roll by, swift as a snake, with the tugs inching upstream with a black frown of smoke. Upstream I could see the Lorelei rock and Cat Castle. Downstream was Mouse Castle and a tiny village gleaming like lumps of sugar. I drank red Rhine wine, and I didn't know quite why, but I felt sad. Perhaps everything looked too grand and opulent. The Rhine ran too quickly. Around me people were eating huge cream cakes, studying their maps and adjusting their cameras. Under the neat trees were fifteen motor coaches.

I asked for accommodation and was

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CARSON *continued*

eventually directed to the village, to the house of a lady called Braun. The village was about two miles away, and it was quite a stiff walk, carrying a suitcase. I liked the air of the place, it smelt of old wood, new bread and the damp, ancient smell of the river. Few places, anywhere, have any stirring smells; chemicals are eating away at the world's roots. I found Frau Braun; she was a large polish woman and I could see I frightened her. She passed me on to two other villagers, and they seemed frightened too. Finally I met a family who welcomed me into their house with smiles; they might have been waiting for me. They showed me a room upstairs, clean as a new button, and prepared me an enormous meal.

"Don't worry about those other people in the village," said my hostess.

"They simply think you're a spy. It doesn't worry me at all."

"But I'm not a spy," I said.

"Everyone has to do something," said my landlady.

"That's right," said her husband, who was a master bricklayer. "Each to his trade."

"But I am not a spy," I repeated. "Do you have many spies here?"

"Many visit St. Goarshausen. They are from the East Zone," said my landlady.

"Tomorrow," said her husband, changing the conversation, "you must visit Castle Cat and Castle Mouse. Or the Rheinfels Ruins at St. Goar."

"I will," I said.

"And Lorelei," said his wife. "You must not miss Lorelei. It is beautiful at Lorelei."

The next morning I got up early, and

the old timber, the river and the new-baked bread smelled as sweet as wild flowers. I walked up to Castle Mouse and looked down at the old silver river with the tugs inching up. Then I walked down and into the town. I sat down in a smart terrace, ordered some wine and took out my pen and exercise book. A few minutes passed by, and a huge headwaiter approached me, looking at me sideways.

"You are staying in the hotel!" he asked me.

"No," I said, "I am drinking wine and writing."

"Ah," said the headwaiter, still sideways.

"I am writing stories," I said.

"Ah," said the headwaiter, "you are doubtless an *Engländer*. I know a Mr. Smith. He comes here."

"You are surprised to find people writing in your terrace?" I said.

"Many people write in the terrace," said the headwaiter, "for different reasons, no doubt."

"I am not a spy," I cried.

"God forbid," replied the headwaiter, "but each to his trade."

I got up and decided to walk to Lorelei. I had often, since long back, thought of the Lorelei. All travelers have her at the back of their minds. Sometimes she is a mountain, sometimes an island, sometimes a woman. Or she is all three.

I walked up the road past the guest houses and found a very small hill path, which clambered up past vineyards and rocks and precipices toward the cliff at the top. It was very wild, and one kept on seeing the strong silver Rhine, and there was a smell of resin. Then I reached the top. I was surprised to find a sort of open-air theater and a notice board

saying LORELEI FESTIVAL THEATRE. A little farther on was a large brown modernistic building with a huge name plate: LORELEI YOUTH AND RECREATION CENTRE. Then I saw a signpost with the words LORELEI RESTAURANT AND GIFT SHOPS. I followed the signpost and walked through a wood into a vast restaurant with a terrace and parasols and waiters in white coats with gold braid. Near by were the gift shops, nothing like Cornish gift shops, nothing vulgar, very tasteful, very expensive. Castle Cat scarves, Castle Mouse caps, a girl combing her golden hair on a parasol with a silver handle. I sat down at a table and ordered a liver sandwich. Everyone looked enormously opulent, static and uninquiring.

There was nothing to do but to take out my exercise book and start writing. I had written a sentence, crossed it out and was drawing faces on the opposite page when I became aware of somebody sitting opposite me at the table. He was a large, nearly middle-aged man in a blue jersey and shorts. He had a tattoo mark on his right arm. He was staring at me.

"Writing, eh?" he said.

"That's so," I said. "I have to do it for a living. I'm not a spy."

"I never said that," said the man in the jersey. "What do you write about?"

"Anything," I said. "Things are always happening, or at least nearly."

"I could give you something to write about," said the man in the jersey.

"Who are you?" I asked.

"I'm one of the rescue men," he said. "I fish people out of the river. Quite a few people jump off the cliff. Mostly in autumn."

"Why?" I asked.

"Ask me another one. It's an odd sort of place, this. Makes a mint of money, but it gets creepy in the evening. Doesn't worry me, though. I don't believe in fairy stories." I offered him a cigarette. "Funny thing," he continued, "there was a lady who used to write a lot here. Quite a beauty. Long golden hair. She was always combing it like the girl in the poem. But she was no ghost. I fished a lot of D.P.s from the Eastern Zone at the time I'm telling you about. Dead as dogs. It turned out she was a spy from East Berlin."

"That's a good story," I said. "Will you have a drink?"

"I'll have one," he said, "and then I've got to get to my lookout post."

After the drink I walked back down the path on to the road. It was rather cold, and you could hear the river churn-

ing. I arrived at the village and went into the house.

"A lady called to see you about half an hour ago," said my landlady.

"What lady?" I asked.

"She had long golden hair," said her husband. "Look, she left her comb behind."

I stood there perplexed, amazed, with a shiver in the corner of my heart.

Then they both burst out laughing. "It's a joke," said Frau Schmidt, tears in her eyes from laughing. "Here in the Rhineland we are always making jokes."

## A VISIT TO GRANADA

In Granada I stayed in a pension directly opposite the Bodega Munoz. Every day I intended to leave Granada for the north, for Paris, for England, for all that was overdue, looming, side-stepped. But there, right opposite my front door, was the Bodega Munoz. It was a cruel piece of town planning. A pause on the front-door step, a long precise glance at my watch, a moment of feigned despair, a tiny voice to be stifled and then in. Into the deep, cool, sherry-laden gloom, where the fat wine barrels winked at you like merry monks, and the glasses clunked and the world was lost in a buzz of talk. Stand still in Granada and you will find a friend. You need not order a drink. A glass is put into your hand.

After the Bodega Munoz there was always the Alhambra and the Generalife. Somebody would say: "You must come and see our Alhambra." Or there was a new tourist girl at the pension who would say: "I am just dying to see the Alhambra. . . ." I would never be a fit guide to explain the architectural details of this place: directly I arrived at the patio of the fountains, I fell asleep, lulled by nightingales and gurgling water. When I woke up guide or girl was gone. That girl would be inevitably picked up in the Patio of the Lions because foreign-girl-hunting is an established minor industry in Granada, with its headquarters in the Alhambra.

Few natives of Granada otherwise visit it, except on Sundays when entrance is free, and everybody goes, angrily and stridently, just to show whom it belongs to. Outside the Alhambra is an unpretentious rustic café, where the foreign-girl-hunters post their spies. You can buy good, cheap manzanilla here and drowse under the tall trees; there is a slight odor of sanctity. Spaniards give

*continued*

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GOLFS WHEN FOLDED

CARSON continued

little thought to animals, but outside the Alhambra great respect is shown to civilization. One of my guides once jumped up in a fury and shouted at a boy who was thrashing a donkey. "Barbarian," he yelled. "Haven't you enough culture to refrain from beating donkeys here?"

The only trouble with the Bodega Munoz was the difficulty in obtaining cigarettes or, for that matter, obtaining them anywhere in Granada. Rival cigarette gangs bought up all the available stocks and sold them in the streets for a profit. This meant walking up and down Granada making signs at people until one of them whipped out a packet. During one of these sorties, between returning from the Alhambra and visiting the Bodega, I suddenly decided to return to England. I walked briskly into an agency to buy a ticket.

"No train, señor," said the clerk. "Not until the day after tomorrow."

I drifted back to the Bodega, and a glass was put into my hand. My host was an elderly man with a sharp nose and a bright eye. "Alas," he said, "you are seeing a dying Granada, my friend. The spark has gone out of it. I suppose you would like to visit the Alhambra? I would be delighted to accompany you." I explained that I had just returned from sleeping in the patio of the fountains. "To sleep is best," said my friend. "It is really only an exquisite shell." He handed me his card. On it was printed "Francisco Lorca."

"But are you related to the poet?" I asked.

The elderly man put his finger to his lips. "Please do not discuss this matter here," he said. "Let us go somewhere else."

I followed him out of the Bodega. Munoz along a number of streets into a small bar. "Here we can talk freely," he said. "Tell me, do you know about Garcia Lorca?"

"Certainly," I replied. "His poetry is greatly loved in England, even in our translations."

"I am of his family. I saw him before he was murdered. He came from Madrid in June 1936 to have a holiday in the family house in the Callejon del Nevado. The police called for him a month later. He was shot on the 24th of July and buried in the cemetery. He was the third member of our family to be murdered by the Fascist dogs. Twice I myself have hid on the roof. Granada is dead. There

is no heart here. Dereliction, tourists and ruins."

"But can't one mention Garcia's name here?" I asked.

"By no means. His poetry can't be published. He doesn't exist. I don't exist." He swallowed his drink. "Would you care to hear some funny stories about the Generalissimo?" He told me some stories, including a very crude one about Gibraltar. Then he proposed that we visit the gypsies.

We walked up to the caves, speared by the professional cries of children. There was a slight derelict barrier of hate. "May the Glory of God descend on your beautiful face and give you a long life and countless children. Give me twenty pesetas." We entered a neat white cave, and I met a family of twenty gypsies. They had everything that has been lost, that many don't know about, that some are always looking for. Happiness in the wrist, love in the eye, fire in the dress. A boy and a girl danced in and out of death without getting scathed. It was secure. A moon hung in the sky outside the cave, and they danced there like flames, and squabbled. Then forty-five Germans arrived with cine-cameras and jokes, and the children came out of the caves with knives in their eyes and whined. My companion and I went back to the Bodega.

I intended to leave by the next available train, but a French girl arrived at the pension and was put at my table. "Je suis venue," she said, "pour voir l'Alhambra." I lost her in the Patio of the Lions, woke up and returned to the Bodega. Here somebody introduced me to a well-dressed middle-aged man who had the air of a permanent official, of someone who would always be just on the right side. He looked at me attentively and said little. His eyes were never off me for a second.

"This gentleman is a civil officer of the Falange," said a voice.

The Falangista examined me even more keenly and eventually spoke. "You are English?"

"Yes," I said.

"A tourist?"

"I don't know if that is the word. I used to live in Seville. I am a writer."

"Ah," said the Falangista with a lot of meaning in his voice.

I began to feel uncomfortable. But we continued drinking, and suddenly a ridiculous devil tapped me gently behind the ear.

"What do you think of Lorca?" I asked him.

He didn't reply, just gazed at me and flicked the ash off his cigarette.

"Will you follow me outside?" he said suddenly.

"Certainly," I replied. I suddenly felt alone and small in the middle of Granada, as I followed the plump, good-looking official through the streets.

"Where are we going?" I asked him, feeling in my pocket to make sure I had my passport.

"To Headquarters," he said shortly. "That building over there." He pointed to a grey, ominous building like a disguised prison. "Come inside," he said, holding open the door and leading me into a long room with an enormous counter. "What will you have? All drinks are free here." I ordered a manzanilla. "To the Queen of England," said the Falangista, holding up his glass. "You just asked me about Lorca, the magnificent poet of Granada. Ah, Lorca, . . ." He started to recite: "*Pérfido, que no quiero verale*," paused for a moment trying to remember a word, when a small dark water leaked across the bar counter and concluded the poem. "Lorca," said the waiter, pouring out more drinks, "was murdered by the Fascist dogs. Granada is dead and without heart."

"What do you think of our country?" asked the Falange official.

"Speak out," cried the waiter. "You are safe here."

I drink more manzanilla, summoning words. Spain was a dusty, broken country of buried talent. It was a country, like a ragged child undrained of gaiety, to love. I tried to say this through the manzanilla. Then there were more drinks, and the Falange official and the waiter told stories about the Generalísimo, recited another poem of Lorca and told another, still cruder story about Gibraltar. "I must go to work," said the Falangista. I could see he was rather drunk, and he looked like all fairly successful men, the ones who dress well and cope with their superiors, who get drunk in Paris or London. He staggered out of the door and waved.

The next day I actually took the train to Valencia. Five minutes after we started there was a terrible grinding noise, and we waited for about an hour in a deluge of rain. Then we returned to Granada. The engine had broken down. The next train would be the day after tomorrow. I returned to the pension and sat down in the dining room. At my table there was a pretty girl in a pink dress. "*Donami*," she said, over the fish, "*neglio andare all'Alhambra. . .*"

END



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*The wide track allows for larger fields than  
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CHARLES GOREN / Cards

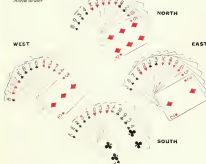
## Youth will out

The U.S. bridge team, now in Buenos Aires for the 1961 world championship, may be the last all-veteran combination to represent us in international competition—even if it wins. Though formidable, the lineup of Sidney Silodor, Norman Kay (only player under 40), Howard Schenken, Peter Leventritt, John Gerber and Paul Hodge is not young. And the results of the Vanderbilt team event in the Spring National Championships at Denver last month strongly hinted that youth is about to be served. Only one veteran team (mine, with Schenken and Leventritt) got as far as the semifinals of that highly prized event. All three of the teams in the round-robin final presented youthful lineups.

The oldest player on the team that won is its 33-year-old captain, Robert Jordan. The youngest, 24, is his partner and fellow Philadelphian, Arthur Robinson. Together with Eric Murray of Toronto and Charles Coon of Boston they performed the iron-man stunt of fielding only a four-man team. But they had their off moments, and here is one of them.

East-West vulnerable

North dealer



This was the 12th deal of the final match between Jordan's team and the Californians, captained by Eddie Kantar, that took the runner-up spot by defeating the third finalist, another all-California squad, captained by Mike Shuman.

When the winning team held the East-West cards, the kibitzers witnessed the unusual spectacle of a proper sacrifice bid by a vulnerable side.

NORTH (Murray/Miles)	EAST (Jordan)	SOUTH (Kantar)	WEST (Robinson)
PASS	PASS	1♠	1♠
1♥	2♦	2♠	PASS
3♠	PASS	4♠	PASS
PASS	5♦	PASS	PASS
DBL	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: 4 of spades

In addition to the first spade trick, West had to lose to the king of hearts and ace of clubs and was down one, minus 300 points.

The sacrifice bid was correct, I believe, in spite of what happened at the other table, where the bidding went:

NORTH (Murray)	EAST (Harold Getner)	SOUTH (Coon)	WEST (Oliver Adams)
PASS	PASS	1♠	DBL
2♦	3♦	4♦	3♦
PASS	PASS	5♦	PASS
PASS	DBL	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: ace of diamonds

Declarer ruffed the diamond, pulled two rounds of trumps, then led a low heart and finessed the jack, losing to the queen. East returned the club jack. Declarer rose with the ace, made haste to extract East's last trump, and conceded a club and another heart trick for down one.

But the contract could have been made. After ruffing the diamond, South takes two top trumps and leads a low club toward dummy's queen. West's best defense is to win with the king and underlead the ace of hearts. But South should guess correctly and play dummy's king. After cashing the queen of clubs, declarer gets in with a trump and discards three of dummy's hearts on his good clubs.

Had the contract been made, the Jordan team would have gained 10 IMPs. Instead, it lost 7. But in the end, it played sound and steady bridge to take the trophy engraved with the most famous names in bridge—including that of the donor himself, Harold S. Vanderbilt.

END

## Newport nyet, tennis da

*Early last month on the cusp of a snowstorm the first American men ever to take part in an official Russian tennis tournament arrived in Moscow. Listed No. 9 and No. 14 in the amateur U.S. rankings, Donald Dell and Mike Franks reached the semifinal and the quarter-final round respectively in the men's singles at Moscow; then they teamed up in the men's doubles to beat not only their Russian hosts but everyone else. This is their story*



THE AUTHORS LOOK OVER A MOSCOW SPORTS PAGE

Competing in this third annual Moscow international tournament were players from Italy, France, East Germany, Great Britain, America and Russia.

The tournament was held indoors at the Dynamo Stadium. For the first few days the matches were played on two well-lighted, reddish-brown clay-composition courts. Seats were provided for about 1,000 spectators. When the tournament reached the quarter-finals all matches were played on the one center court, and stands for another 1,000 people were erected. Every seat in the stadium was filled every day, and several hundred people milled outside trying in vain to buy tickets.

The general playing conditions were excellent. Umpires, ball boys and scorers were capable and fair. We were immediately impressed by the extremely efficient organization of the tournament. From the littlest ball boy dressed in his smart, blue uniform to the chief referee with his imposing red arm band every person seemed to fit nicely into place. Cars to take you to the courts were always outside the hotel, interpreters met you in the locker room to attend to your every need, fresh towels, salt pills and water were always at the courtside, linesmen made their calls loudly and decisively and all matches began exactly on time. It was rather surprising to us that the Russians, who have been taking tennis serious-

ly for only five years or so, could run a tournament so expertly. It reminded the visiting players of the Wimbledon championships—always the model of well-run tournaments.

So much for the stage setting. The matches themselves provided us with a totally different, always exciting, and sometimes annoying, experience. As you enter the center court you hear, amid the noisy crowd, hushed cries of "Amerikantsi, Amerikantsi." The people all stare long and wonderingly at you, but it is a friendly stare of curiosity, not dislike, for seeing an American athlete is quite a rarity for a Russian. If you smile at people in the crowd, they will always smile back warmly.

Once the match actually begins, however, the attitude of the crowd changes noticeably. These people are highly nationalistic and have not been educated in Newport tennis etiquette. They cheer wildly and loudly every time their player wins a point. Often they scream shouts of approval right in the middle of a long rally, which is somewhat distracting to a foreigner.


And there are other psychological handicaps to the outsider. All around is a sea of strange, foreign faces. The umpire calls out the score in loud Russian tones; the ball boys and linesmen blink at you puzzlingly. Should you forget the score or not understand a linesman's close decision, you must stop the match and ask your

interpreter what's happening. You feel alone, all alone in a crowded arena. You are nervous and tense, and your hands and arms perspire freely. Every shot you miss is met with shouts or looks of approval. If you are winning decisively, many Russian spectators simply walk out. You feel this is no longer a tennis match but now a personal struggle, almost a battle, between you and your Russian opponent, who is backed by some 2,000 enthusiastic supporters.

In the midst of all these whirling thoughts and emotions you try to concentrate on just playing your best tennis, forgetting as much as possible about the crowd and the surroundings. As you towel off in between games, you nod to the friendly Italian, French and British players, who smile back in encouragement. Then you glance up at the ceiling of the stadium, where all the nations' flags are hanging, and your eyes rest on the familiar Stars and Stripes. Suddenly you feel proud to be an American, and you hith up your pants and struggle on.

The final results of the tournament show that the Russians have developed some very fine players, including Toomas Lejas, an 18-year-old blond Estonian with a fast and strategic passing game who beat one of us Americans (Franks) 6-3, 6-4, 8-6 in a speedy quarter-final and went on to win the men's singles over Britain's Alan Mills.

END



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## The family silverware

**Montreal's once scintillant Canadiens, their glow dimmed, leave Chicago and Detroit to settle the Stanley Cup in a family fight**

At first glance the Stanley Cup finals being played along the southern shores of North America's Great Lakes last week seemed like a pretty parochial affair. For the first time in 11 years, both teams were American rather than Canadian—in theory anyway—and both were owned by members of the Norris family. James D. Norris, whose name is more respected in hockey circles than it is in boxing, owns the Chicago Black Hawks; his brother Bruce and his sister Marguerite own the Detroit Red Wings.

In point of fact, however, things were not nearly so Americanized: the 44th playing of the Stanley Cup was, like all big-time professional hockey, a strictly Canadian affair. Its principal protagonists were Canadian Gordie Howe, the Red Wings' ageless one-man team who hails from Floral, Sask., and the Black Hawks' bright, buoyant star, Bobby Hull of Point Anne, Ont. The theme of the drama was the downfall of a team which didn't even make the finals—the National Hockey League champion Montreal Canadiens.

Under the curious rules of pro hockey, winning a league championship is a somewhat empty triumph. After surviving the cut-and-thrust of a full 70-game season, the winning club must then prove in a brief postseason "world series" that it is indeed superior to teams it already has whipped. Only by doing the job twice can a champion become entitled to the large silver basin known as the Stanley Cup—and sometimes the Cup is snatched away by a mere also-ran. The two teams competing in the finals this week stood third and fourth in the season's ratings. If this fact diminished to some extent

the significance of the "All-American finals," it in no way diminished the quality of the play. Fans in both Chicago and Detroit got more than their money's worth in the confrontation of Howe and Hull.

After 15 years in the NHL, Gordie Howe is still the most feared player on the ice. Others are strong. He is strong as a boa constrictor and, in his own quiet way, touchy as a cobra. Besides, he can skate, shoot and defend surpassingly well. This season he became the second NHL player of all time to score 500 goals (including playoffs; first was Rocket Richard).

Bobby Hull is a beast of a different kind. Bouncy and breezy as a young calf, he rarely uses his great strength to intimidate. He likes to skate into the opponents' zone, then accelerate full throttle and swoop past, or if necessary through, the defense, and shoot at close range. At 22, he is Howe's junior by 11 years, and although he was the league scoring champion last season he has yet to realize his immense potential. Some hockey people think he is a little lazy, but it was a hurrying Hull that the Chicago Stadium welcomed as the best-of-seven-game series opened last Thursday. Hull not only scored two goals in the Hawks' 3-2 victory but rudely jolted Detroit Goalie Terry Sawchuk right out of the game.

Saturday found Sawchuk still sidelined, along with Defenseman Marcel Pronovost, who is second only to Howe among Detroit assets. That left things pretty much up to Gordie, who led rushes, skated off penalties, stole pucks and occasionally walked on water as the Wings tied up the series with a 3-1 win on home ice.

Diverting as it may have been to

Chicago and Detroit fans, however, this skirmishing between Hull and Howe and the war between the Wings and the Hawks was only an anticlimax to the Cup play that had gone on before. An upstart Detroit knocked out the promising Maple Leafs in the semifinal round, and the hefty, hungry Hawks, who haven't won a Stanley Cup since 1938, beat the Canadiens. Of these, the significant victory was that of the Hawks—Toronto's defeat by Detroit was only a logical extension of the Maple Leafs' weary letdown after their frustrating season-long run at the Canadiens, which failed by only one point. The Hawks, however, not only beat the Habs; they sent them back to Canada in a state of shock.

Far from fresh when the series began after the season's draining fight to beat Toronto, Montreal still had enough class to win the first game, by a top-heavy score of 6-2. Chicago took

APIRE WITH ENERGY LIKE ALL OF THE





the next by only 4-3, and then went one up by snatching a precious, psychologically devastating and physically punishing 2-1 victory in the third 20-minute overtime period of the following game. Vexed at Referee Dalton MacArthur for calling a Hab tripping penalty, which left Montreal short-handed at the game-winning score, Coach Toe Blake, normally one of the best-behaved gentlemen in hockey, reacted by throwing a punch at MacArthur, a punch that cost Toe \$2,000. After that, Montreal rallied and evened the series in the next game. But the wear and tear had been too great. Boom Boom Geoffrion, the Habs' fabulous wingman, had a leg in a cast, Center Donnie Marshall, utility man extraordinary, had a lame knee. The brilliant young wing, Bill Hicke, was wearing a helmet after suffering a concussion. Doug Harvey, the rock to which Montreal's defense has long been anchored, had come into the series with hip, ankle and knee ailments and was feeling new aches and the weight of his 36 years. Center Jean Beliveau, the league's best, was whole but slumping.

To make matters worse for Montreal, the Hawks then lost the hockey man's standard awe of the Canadiens. Hab-fright, as this nervous state might be termed, has long been equivalent to Yank-funk, the Pavlovian swoon common to baseball

players upon sight of the New York team's yin-stripes. Suddenly it must have occurred to the Hawks that the Habs could actually be beaten. Until then, despite Montreal's obvious decline from past eminence, Chicago had thought defensively. At that point, however, the Hawks took the offense, mentally and on the ice.

Never before had a good Montreal team been so roughly handled. By the last two games—both of them 8-0 Chicago shutouts—the Canadiens were quite incapable of the swift, graceful and deadly sorties into the enemy's zone for which they had so long been famous. Only by an immense effort of will did the Montreal defense deny the Hawks humiliating goal totals. "They wore us out," said a Montreal front-office man. "We were a battered team. But we were beaten by a better one."

Hungry for the kill, a capacity audience of 16,666 persons jammed Chicago Stadium on the night of the sixth and final game. What they saw was more an execution than a contest. In the very first period Montreal's once-pulverizing power play failed to produce a goal when the Hawks were two men down because of penalties. Geoffrion, the pain in his leg only partly blocked by novocain, gamely got one line drive away, but Hall fielded it. Brave but almost entirely useless now, Geoffrion soon

retired for the evening. Had the power play succeeded or had the equally brave Donnie Marshall scored when he stole the puck, soiled the length of the rink and fired at Hall point-blank, the Canadiens might conceivably have stiffened and won. (Hawk Coach Rudy Pilon said the rink was shaly from use by an ice show and Marshall could not properly control the puck.)

But in the second period the strong, close-checking Hawks exerted irresistible pressure and scored their three goals. The third one followed an agonizing two minutes in which the Habs vainly and almost hysterically tried to clear the puck from their end. Hull got his stick on it and fired a scorester, which Eric Nesterenko tipped in. Hawk fans yelled their heads off. One of them tossed a string of firecrackers onto the ice almost exactly where Hull had shot, and for some 20 seconds there was a crackling counterpoint to the crowd's exultation. In the press box a glum Montreal newspaperman felt Churchillian stirrings and solemnly typed: "It was the twilight of the Titans." But in the Hawks' locker room after the final victory, Chicago Goalie Glenn Hall put the matter in a far less rhetorical nutshell:

"Those guys," he said, nodding toward the Canadiens, "have laughed at us long enough."

END

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**UNFORGETTABLE DUEL**

*continued from page 21*

hoge 4 on this hole and subsequent bogeys at 5 and 7 along with a birdie at 8 brought him back to even par.

Starting the second nine, Palmer was already four strokes behind Player and knew it. Still playing unsteadily, he scrambled his way to three consecutive pars, but on the 13th he hit a shot into the creek and took a hoge 6. Along this same route Player bogeyed the 11th, 12th and 13th. Following the minute-to-minute fluctuations of the contest was getting to be an exercise in arithmetical gymnastics. At one moment Player was 11 under par for the tournament and sailing along with a downy five-stroke lead over Palmer. The next you knew, the lead was down to two strokes.

When the agony of the third day was over, Palmer had posted a one-over-par 73—6 under par for the first three rounds—but there wasn't a hint of defeat or dejection in his voice.

"You have days like that," he said. "You just hope they don't come too often. It started at the 4th hole, and after that I never pulled the right club out of my bag. The course never played easier than it did today, and I don't remember ever playing it worse. I didn't have any concentration, and I didn't have any judgment."

Player, meantime, had recovered somewhat from his back-nine doldrums. Birdies on the 15th and 16th holes helped him regain his poise, and he finished his round with a 3-under-par 69—four strokes ahead of Palmer.

It was thus that they went into the final round of this extraordinary two-man tournament, for Palmer's two-stroke lead over the nearest pursuers—Paul Harney, the grayling young pro from Massachusetts, and Coe—looked as wide and unbridgeable as the Grand Canyon. It simply was not conceivable that anyone but Player or Palmer could win.

Despite his youth, the new Masters champion is already two-thirds of the way toward his major ambition in golf—the winning of the British Open, the Masters and the U.S. Open. "All in the same year?" someone asked him. Player grinned. "I may be greedy," he said, "but I'm not a pig."

END



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# WILL MAN EVER HIT A GOLF BALL 890 YARDS?

Meet John Havey and read how he perfected the new Wilson Staff Ball for golfers who want to reach for new distance

**N**O MAN ever hit a golf ball so hard, so far. But a superhuman, 890-yard drive now stands as a challenge to any man willing to try.

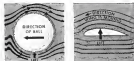
This unofficial record belongs to the new Wilson Staff Ball and to John Havey, the man who perfected this ball for the Wilson Sporting Goods Co.

The distance is entered in the files of competitive golf ball tests in Wilson's Research and Development Laboratory, which John Havey directs at River Grove, Ill. Here's why and here's how John

Havey was able to establish this incredible golf ball distance record:

In his own words Mr. Havey explained: "We set out to develop a ball which would deliver the extra distance demanded by the tournament professionals on our Wilson Advisory Staff. We were determined to pack it with all the power and distance that USGA specifications will allow.

"We stretched 25.5 yards of natural rubber thread ten times its original length and wound it to develop a ton of pressure within the



**336 AERODYNAMIC DIMPLES** in the cover create the same air pressure around the ball that lifts an airplane wing in flight. This "airlift" principle holds the ball up in the air while it "looks for a grassy spot to land."

liquid core. Then we developed a new thin, but tough, balata cover and heat-sealed it deep into the rubber windings.

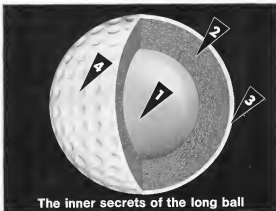
"Then we tested, checked results, and tested again."

Havey's new Wilson Staff Ball passed all the standard tests. Ultra high-speed strobe-flash photographs proved that this ball leaps off the clubface 40 per cent faster than even Slamming Sam Sneed can swing a golf club.



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"The Wilson Staff ball is like money from back home. It's long off the tee, where I like to be, in that rich pay-off country."



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**2. REACTIVE COMPRESSION** is wound into the heart of the new Wilson Staff ball with the finest natural rubber thread stretched to 255 yards.

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driving machine his "golfing gorilla" and caged it on the tee of the Wilson golf testing range.

Equipped with two rotating steel arms, the "golfing gorilla" could hit simultaneously two golf balls harder and farther than they had ever been hit before. With this machine for muscle, Havey hit the new Wilson Staff in competition with dozens of his other test balls.



**FINAL COMPRESSION TEST** assures you every Wilson Staff ball will deliver all the distance built into the strong golf swing. Only those balls that pass this critical machine test can earn the Wilson Staff name.

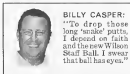


**ARNOLD PALMER:**  
"I play iron shots by ear, and the sound of the new Wilson Staff ball off the clubface tells me I'm on the green before it lands."

The machine's driving impact produced some startling results.

"Some of the test balls took the impact," Havey explained, "then quit before reaching 800 yards. Some balls were knocked completely out of shape, some lost their covers. But no golf ball performed so well or went so far as the new Wilson Staff.

"For about 200 yards it streaked low and fast. Then it reached for altitude and climbed out of sight. We had some difficulty locating the ball to measure the distance be-



**BILLY CASPER:**  
"To drop those long 'snake' putts, I depend on faith and the new Wilson Staff Ball. I swear that ball has eyes."

cause never before had we hit a ball over 800 yards."

Weekend golfer John Havey regrets that there isn't a golf course anywhere with a fairway long enough for such a shot. But then, his "golfing gorilla" cannot be released for personal use anyway. The remarkable new "long ball" is available, though. You can buy the Wilson Staff Ball at any golf professional shop for \$1.25.

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# HAWKEYE AND HIS BOY SCOUTS

by ROY TERRELL

Photographs by Art Kuckesky

*Paul Richards can be cold as a prairie winter, tough as a Longhorn steer. But there is patience and understanding in this baseball genius who has made a pennant contender out of his fuzzy-faced Baltimore Orioles*

Paul Richards is a tall, unbending Tegan with a turkey neck, a rectangular jaw and frigid green eyes. His hair, now turning gray, was once as black as an Indian's, and his leathery skin is protected by a bone-deep sunburn collected down the 52 years of his life. He has a slow, lazy walk, a slow, dragging drawl and a mind as quick and sharp as a switchblade knife. It is a trick of time that Richards comes to us out of the sports pages as manager of the Baltimore Orioles. He should come, instead, from the pages of Zane Grey or Max Brand. You get the feeling after a few hours with Richards that the Alamo would not have fallen if he had been there. Old Paul would never have allowed it.

Paul Richards is a puzzle. One glance from him can make a person feel like a very small mouse trapped in the center of a very large room, for he is a cold man and a hard one. Yet when he chooses to relax the imperious reserve that cloaks him he can charm a ballplayer right out of his spikes, and the loyalty he elicits from the few who know him well is a rare and unusual thing.

Although he has no formal education beyond high school, he sometimes reads books that would make a professor wince. He once won a bet by reciting the Gettysburg Address without booting a line. He refuses to indulge in small talk, yet he is a gifted public speaker. No one would dream of describing him as a humorous man, but he possesses a caustic wit that can be terribly funny. There was a time when he carried a Bible on road trips, and back home in Waxahachie they say old Paul "can pray a nice prayer." But he has been thrown out of a hundred ball games for using language that would earn the envy of Leo Durocher.

He insists upon superb physical condition for his athletes while nourishing a private ulcer on radishes and pickled pigs' feet. He mistrusts airplanes but drives an automobile as if trying to reach the speed of sound. Baseball has been his life, yet he thinks a man is a damn fool to become a manager, and he would rather play golf. "I don't like Richards but I respect him," says Frank Lane, "and Paul is the kind who would rather have your respect than your affection." Yet he is so sensitive that he reacts to criticism like a hurt turtle, and he has been known to close his clubhouse to reporters who wrote something that he felt to be unfair.

Even when Paul was a boy his high school teammates had an awful time trying to figure him out. "We sure never suspected he was a genius then," says Jimmy Adair, who is now a coach with the Orioles. "In fact, we all thought maybe he was kind of dumb. He never said anything."

But now Adair thinks he has Paul figured out. "What he was doing," says Adair, "was thinking."

With some reluctance, since few are as fond of Richards as Adair, the rest of baseball is inclined to accept this judgment. Occasionally someone will still insist that Richards is a phony and a fake, more humbug than wizard. They like to point out that he has never won a big league pennant, even after spending almost \$5 million to rebuild the Baltimore club. They

continued



argue that he handles grown men, professional athletes, as if they were dirty-faced kids, overmanaging them, padding his own reputation with mumbo-jumbo tactics that enthral the public but lead nowhere. Yet his detractors decrease in number and speak with less assurance each year, realizing, perhaps, that they have been influenced more by the man's icy taciturnity than by any legitimate questions about his skill. For it is hard to criticize Paul Richards as a baseball man in the face of what he has accomplished.

In his first season as a big league manager, in Chicago in 1951, Richards jerked the White Sox out of the second division, where they had been living on laughs for seven years. Helped by some of Frank Lane's trades, he created the exciting Go-Go Sox and lashed them on to four straight first-division finishes.

Then, in the difficult dual role of manager and general manager, which no one had attempted since John McGraw, Richards moved to Baltimore, where the St. Louis Browns were trying to hide. Since the Browns had changed only their name and address, not their habits—which invariably deposited them in seventh or eighth place—it took Paul a bit longer to achieve the unlikely there. But last season, with a team so young that some of its members didn't have to change razor blades all year, Richards almost produced his miracle. The Orioles spent 29 days in first place and finally finished second, scoring the pin-strikes off the more muscular Yankees for most of a wonderfully dizzy season. At its end Richards was named American League Manager of the Year, an honor that left him unimpressed. What he wanted was a pennant—and this year he may get it.

**T**he Orioles are not really that good just yet, but it would be foolish to underestimate Paul Richards. John McHale, a Richards admirer long before moving from Detroit in the American League to become general manager of the Milwaukee Braves, feels that only Casey Stengel, in recent years, deserves to be considered Paul's peer as a tactician. "On the field," says McHale, "he is usually two or three moves ahead of anybody else."

"If he had been managing those Yankee teams," says Frank Lane, "he would have been winning pennants, too. Easy."

There is an apocryphal volume known in baseball as *The Book*, and although no outsider has been permitted to withdraw a copy on his library card, to a manager its theoretical pages are a Baedeker for the tortuous road of decision he must travel from day to day. In *The Book*, it is rumored, are to be found all the possible situations that may arise in baseball and all the countermoves; the exact percentages on how likely a given tactic is to succeed in a given situation and how likely it is to fail. Richards has been accused of being a slave to these percentages. To the point of driving official scorers to apoplexy, he inserts a left-hand pitcher to face a left-hand batter in a crucial situation; he will always use a left-hand hitter against a right-hand pitcher when he can; he will replace a slow slugger with a good defensive outfielder in the late innings of a game in which he is ahead. Last September, in a more or less typical contest with the Tigers, Richards used 23 men, including eight pitchers and five left fielders, thereby tying a record. But it is pointless to criticize Richards for this. For one thing, other managers platoon, too. For another, his tactics seem to work (the Orioles beat the Tigers in that game 11-10). Finally, if a book on baseball actually exists, Richards has read it and thrown it away and written a new one for himself, in which chapters are re-edited from day to day. "I may win by *The Book*," he says, "but I'll be damned if I'm going to lose by it."

As a result, he may try anything. A favorite example is the time in '51 at Fenway Park when he moved Pitcher Harry Dorish to third base and brought in left-hander

Billy Pierce to get Ted Williams on a pop fly. Then Pierce left the game and Dorish returned to the mound to face the right-handed hitters who followed Williams in the Red Sox lineup. Richards didn't claim to have invented the maneuver. "It's an old sandlot trick," he says. But he revived it in the big leagues.

While managing Buffalo in the International League, Richards found a way to keep Montreal's jack-rabbit lead-off

*Richards doesn't hesitate to coach his coaches*





man, Sam Jethroe, from stealing second base. He walked the pitcher ahead of Jethroe. Four times during the season, when leading Montreal in the late innings of a tight game, Richards walked the pitcher. Three times it worked. The fourth time Jethroe hit a home run. "That night," says Richards, "I was a lousy manager."

When Hoyt Wilhelm's wacky knuckler led to 38 passed balls in 1959 and 11

more by May of 1960, there arrived one day in the Oriole clubhouse a catcher's mitt that looked like something left behind by Baseball Clown Al Schacht. It was huge, "with enough webbing," as one skeptical newspaper wrote, "to catch a school of salmon." The Orioles took one look and howled with glee. "Try it," said Richards, "then laugh." So the Baltimore catchers tried it and allowed only three passed balls the rest of the year. More important, Wilhelm won 10 games.

Some managers call for extra practice after a team loses, determined to correct the flaws that led to defeat. Richards sends the Orioles through workouts after they win. "They get more out of it then," he says. "They don't have the feeling they're being punished." He never goes to the mound to take a pitcher out of the game; he sends Coach Luman Harris. "They can't argue with Lum because it isn't his idea," says Paul, "and they can't argue with me because I'm not there."

It was Richards who used Iron Mike, the batting-practice machine, to pitch games during spring training while waiting for his pitching staff to get in shape. Working for both teams, Iron Mike pitched a 2-1 and 3-3 double-header in 2 hours 25 minutes, came back the next day for a 2-0 shutout. "He got a sore arm," said Richards, in explaining why Iron Mike was sent back to the batting cage. "We fixed it for \$35, but by then the hitters were howling and the pitchers were ready, anyway."

But it is neither Paul Richards' tactical brilliance nor his sometimes weird innovations that have earned him a magician's reputation among the men who play for and against him through the long, testing summers of the American League. It is because he is one of baseball's great teachers, a man with the eye of a

hunting hawk for spotting the slightest flaw in an athlete and the remarkable patience to correct the worst defect.

Frank Lane insists that Richards wanted to trade Nellie Fox away in his first season at Chicago but adds that it was Richards who made Fox into a ball-player. (In 1959 Fox was named the Most Valuable Player in the American League.) Paul taught Fox how to make the double play and how to hit to left field, accomplishments which he sometimes has cause to regret now. He took Billy Gardner, a castoff Giant infielder, and made him into a regular second baseman who gave the Orioles several fine seasons while the kids were developing down on the farm. When one of those kids, Marv Breeding, came up last year, Paul spent weeks teaching him how to make the double play. "He must have shown Marv how to do it 500 times," says Lum Harris. "Then one day Breeding got it, just like that. The 501st time."

"I got it," says Breeding, "but I still have to practice it. Paul doesn't think it's perfect yet."

While bringing the young players along, Richards has exhibited infinite patience, refusing to rush them into the pressure of a big league season despite loud cries from Baltimore fans. This is the way he handled Brooks Robinson and Ron Hansen (who were third and fifth in last season's Most Valuable Player vote), and this is the way he is handling Dave Nicholson, the \$120,000 bonus outfielder who the Orioles believe may someday become one of the game's superstars. "Hell, yes, we need power in the outfield," says Richards, "and right now he could probably drive in more runs than anyone I've got out there. But there's more to this game than hitting the ball out of the lot. Nick has things to learn. When he's ready I'll play him. Not before."

It is in the unbelievable performances he extracts from worn-out or unwanted pitchers, however, that Richards truly appears to have been kissed by genius. "He gets an extra 5% out of them," says Frank Lane. "He sees the little things other managers miss."

While catching for Atlanta, in 1937, Richards instilled in Dutch Leonard so

*continued*

(below), has unrivaled skill as teacher of baseball.





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#### PAUL RICHARDS *continued*

much confidence in his knuckleball that Leonard, a big league castoff, went back to the majors for 16 more years. As a wartime catcher with Detroit, Paul soothed the nerves of an undisciplined youngster with wonderful talent named Hal Newhouser, comforting him, consoling him, sometimes cussing him out. Before Richards, Newhouser had won just 34 games in four seasons; in the next three he won 80.

**S**aul Rogovin was nothing with Detroit. Richards brought him to Chicago in '51 and made him into a pitcher who won 12 games that season and had the best earned run average in the league, 2.78. The next year Rogovin was 14-9.

"Everything I know," he said, "came from Paul." Virgil Trucks apparently was washed up with the Browns in '53; he had been 5-19 the year before and his record in June, when Richards obtained him in a trade, was 5-4. Yet he finished that season a 20-game winner and won 19 the next year. Richards had shifted Trucks's grip on the changeup, encouraged him to throw more overhand and taught him a kind of screwball. "I never thought I'd be learning a new pitch after 16 seasons in baseball," said Trucks. "This guy is the best manager I ever worked for."

When Billy Loes, a rather unusual young man, arrived in Baltimore from Ebbets Field, he brought along what he insisted was a sore arm—and an absolute reluctance to endanger it further by

*continued*



For Richards 1951 brought professional satisfaction and personal sorrow. His White Sox were a success, but his younger daughter, Lucy (shown on visit to Chicago with Mrs. Richards and Paula, now 22), died of a heart condition.

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**PAUL RICHARDS** *continued*

throwing hard. One day Richards taunted Loes until Billy's fast ball threatened to burn a catcher's hand. "Fine, Bill, fine," drawled Richards and sauntered away. In 1957 Loes was 9-3 by July 1 and made the All-Star team.

Hoyt Wilhelm was washed up in '58, a relief pitcher who could not get his knuckleball over the plate. Richards bought him from Cleveland and spotted the trouble right away: not enough work. So Paul gave him a starting job—and Wilhelm pitched a no-hitter against the Yankees. The next year he won his first nine games; at the end of the season he had 15 victories and the best earned run average in the American League. Among other things, Richards noticed that Wilhelm was tipping his pitches, allowing opponents to see in advance, by a flash of his grip on the ball, what he was going to throw. Since Wilhelm throws the knuckler nine out of 10 times, no other manager seemed to care. But Richards cared. "You'd be surprised how many batters fear the fools with that 10th pitch," Paul says now.

John McHale says Paul's greatest asset is his ability to make ballplayers believe in him. "He's a con man," says McHale. "He makes them believe that everything he says is right. Then it's easy for him to make them believe in themselves."

With his ballplayers Richards is a strange mixture of mother hen and ogre. A shortstop who made three errors in the first game of a double-header at Buffalo spent the intermission fielding ground balls. In Atlanta, after his team had won the Southern Association pennant, won the playoffs and swept the first three games of the Dixie Series, Richards had his pitchers running in the outfield before the fourth game. "I'm getting them into shape," he said. "For next year." Defeat, particularly stupid defeat, leaves in him a smoldering fury that he cannot always control. At Seattle he broke a toe kicking a locker, and although he no longer kicks lockers he sometimes explodes in other ways. Last year he forbade the Orioles to take their usual quick showers after a particularly galling loss. "Just sit there," he told them, "and think about that one for a while."

He seldom praises good performance, for in his code that is what a ballplayer is supposed to give. He discourages familiarity, having little or nothing to do with his team off the field. Yet all ballplayers seem to respect him, and most of them develop a real affection for him.

"He's a tough one," says young Milt Pappas, who is seldom given to profound reflection, "but you realize after a while that he's only trying to help you become a better ballplayer. I consider it an honor to play for him."

"There is no indecision in the man," says Skinny Brown. "He may be wrong sometimes but he doesn't sit there and fool around. Personally, I don't know that I'd want to pitch for anyone else."

Frank Lane has a suspicion that Richards is getting mellow with the years. "Still," says Lane, "he's not in danger of getting soft. You'll never take advantage of him. Look at Al Lopez. He's friendly and people like him, but he can get tough, too, and get results. Paul should be more like that."

But Jim Busby, who has played for both men, says that he likes Richards' way best. "You don't always know exactly how you stand with Lopez," says Busby. "With Paul, there's never any doubt."

Richards has only one explanation for his success: he looks upon ballplayers as individuals, and he can understand their problems since he has been down the road himself. "I was all different kinds of ballplayer," he says. "I was a ballplayer who was scared. I was a ballplayer who didn't hustle. I was a ballplayer who played only for myself. Then I began to get a little sense. I lost my fear, I began to hustle. I began to play for the team. So I know how a ballplayer feels."

"This game is changing all the time. Defensive alignments and maneuvers have advanced more than the offense. So you have to change with it. But everybody today knows about the same amount of baseball. Some managers just have a little more patience and ambition to expose their ballplayers to it."

There is a story that Richards planned to become a big league manager even when he was a little boy. "Hah," he says. "I'll tell you when I decided to become a manager. When I found out I wasn't going to be a .300 hitter in the

*continued*

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big leagues. Of course," he adds, "I found that out pretty early."

Paul's baseball career began in Waxahachie (pronounced Walks-uh-HACH-ee—at least in Waxahachie), a town of 13,000 located 28 miles south of Dallas where his father taught school and ran a store. Paul was a third baseman and ambidextrous pitcher on a legendary high school team that won 67 of 67 games and three state championships in three years. The Dodgers signed him for \$1,000, and Wilbert Robinson had visions of using Paul at shortstop, where he could throw right-handed to first base and left-handed to third. Uncle Robbie never had a chance to find out. By the time Richards had made the long crawl to the big leagues, through Pittsfield and Crisfield, through Waterbury and Hartford and Muskegon and Macon and Minneapolis, he belonged to somebody else. He had also ceased to be either a third baseman or a two-handed pitcher.

For when Richards arrived at Macon in 1930, he noticed immediately that while the place was swarming with infielders, the only catcher in sight was Manager Charley Moore. "I'm a catcher," said Richards. Moore was injured in the opening game and, sure enough, Richards was a catcher. "I'll say this," Moore remarked years later when he learned of the deception. "The first time Paul went behind that plate he was a better catcher than I had ever been."

Richards was good enough to reach the Giants in 1933, where he caught Carl Hubbell in part of the famous left-hander's 46½-innings scoreless streak. But he had trouble hitting big league pitching and within four years he was back in the minors, with Atlanta. There Earl Mann, who ran the Atlanta club, decided that this stony-faced youngster with the traplike mind was going to be an outstanding manager some day—so why not start him now? In 1938 Richards, at 30, took over the Atlanta ball club.

He promptly won everything in sight: the pennant, the playoffs, the Dixie Series and an award as minor league manager of the year. He won another pennant in Atlanta in '41 and then, after four wartime years back in the big leagues with

*continued*



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Detroit, where he hit a buses-loaded double in the seventh game of the 1945 World Series, he won another pennant for Buffalo in '49. League President Frank Shaughnessy called him "the best manager ever to come into the International League," and Frank Lane decided that he had found the man to end Chicago's long depression.

Richards worked as well with Lane as any manager has ever worked with Lane, and they did not separate in anger. "Frank and I got along all right," says Richards now. "When I managed for him, I managed to 100% of my ability. I knew it and Frank knew it, and we both knew I couldn't do any more." Richards left Chicago after the 1954 season because Baltimore offered him \$45,000 a year and the chance to run things by himself. Richards likes to run things, and he promptly set out to trade away the entire Baltimore club.

In his first season he traded or optioned or sold 73 players, including the one outstanding athlete on the team, Bob Turley, an act that almost got him lynched. Richards said, "I'd rather be hanged for something I did do than for something I didn't do," and kept on trading. By 1957 some 114 different players had appeared on the roster.

In the meantime he was pouring out money for promising kids. In the process he acquired what sometimes seemed to be an inordinate number of lemons, including one who became uncontrollably nervous when asked to pitch before a crowd. Richards also got slapped with a \$2,500 fine for the \$40,000 undercover signing of Oklahoma A&M star Tom Borland, which, in the opinion of Commissioner Ford Frick, was not only a violation of the bonus rule but "conduct detrimental to baseball."

"Horsefeathers," says Richards. "The only thing I did wrong was get caught."

For a time Richards was on the verge of giving up. Attendance slumped. The bonus players weren't coming through. The double load was a brutal thing to carry, yet when Paul tried to abandon the field manager's job, recommending the hiring of either George Kell or Fred Hutchinson to replace him, the Oriole

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PAUL RICHARDS *continued*

front office said no. He had a bitter feud with Baltimore writers, particularly with two sports editors, the late Jesse Linticum of *The Sun* and the late Rodger Phippen of the *News Post*. "Go ahead and get me fired," he snarled one day. "I'd be the happiest man in the world if you'd get me fired. But I'll be damned if you can make me quit."

Eventually Richards' hard work began to pay off. The young players began to come through and, satisfied that the farm system was now in good shape, Richards gave up the general manager's job to devote his time to problems on the field. To fill the vacancy, the Orioles hired Lee MacPhail, protégé of the Yankees' George Weiss. The two men have worked well together, although there is little doubt that Richards still runs a large part of the show. Last fall he received a new three-year contract. It called for \$50,000 a season, a nickel bonus on every admission over 800,000 (the Orioles drew 1,187,849 in 1960) and some Oriole stock as well. Joe Iglehart, chairman of the board, is a great Richards fan.

Baseball is Richards' trade, and it is hard to separate him from the white-chalk lines and green grass and dusty base paths that formalize his private little world. Sometimes it seems that Paul Richards must have been born in a baseball park, his only home the cool, shadowy dugouts where he perches with one foot on the steps. But Richards has a home away from baseball, too.

In 1932 he married Margie McDonald, despite a remarkable lack of enthusiasm on the part of her father, a Waxahachie plumber, who warned her, "That young fellow can't make much of a living. All he wants to do is play baseball." Today Paul and Margie, a charming, gracious woman who has never boomed an umpire in her life, spend most of the off season back in Waxahachie, close to old friends and their 22-year-old daughter, Paula, a splendid horsewoman who has been educated at Vassar and Stephens and is now studying drama at the University of Texas. A younger daughter, Lucy, died of a heart condition while Paul was managing the White Sox. In memory of the

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PAUL RICHARDS *continued*

little girl, Richards gave a gift to the First Baptist Church of Waxahachie. Then when his mother died just a few weeks later, he paid off more than \$1,000 indebtedness on the Water Street Baptist Church, where she had been a member.

For 12 years Richards was part owner of the *Waxahachie Daily Light*, writing a sports column between seasons, often covering news stories, sometimes selling ads. He liked journalism and is proud of the work he did, particularly a story written in 1944 about the capture of an escaped convict who killed a local deputy named Jess White. There is even a rumor that Paul captured the killer himself. "Good Lord, no," he says.

He owns 70 acres of land near town, and although the *Baseball Register* lists Richards' hobby as farming, this is a joke. "I rode a tractor one day," he says, "but decided there wasn't any future in that." The Richards farm is actually a camouflaged driving range. There is a golf ball under every cotton stalk, two under every peach tree. Protecting the golf balls is Rebel, a great Dane. The dog was a gift to Paul from a Chicago restaurant owner and White Sox fan. Rebel has a vicious temper, which probably comes from eating in Chicago restaurants when he was young. "Please don't feed the puppy," a sign says. "He might take your arm."

Last winter the Richardses moved from the old family place, a two-story white frame house with verandas upstairs and down, into a sprawling, ranch-style home that has all the modern conveniences, including the No. 2 green of the Waxahachie Country Club just outside the door. This is important to Paul, who likes to shoot an occasional round of golf, usually every day. Sometimes he plays 36 holes a day, and he used to play 54 until an old baseball ankle began to give way. Now he rides an electric cart. Richards and Digger Deatheridge, the pro at the club, once played 198 holes in five days from San Antonio through Austin back to Waxahachie.

Richards plays to a 3 handicap; he is under 75 more often than above and three times he has scored 66. But betting is his supreme skill. "That old so-and-so"

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PAUL RICHARDS *continued*

so," says a Florida golfing companion. "You'll get him down and he'll keep pressing you and sometimes making up his own rules. And first thing you know he knocks in a birdie on the 18th and wins all the dough. I bet Sam Snead never birdied as many 18th holes."

Although everyone in baseball knows about Paul's mania for golf, it is abhorrent to him that it would ever be mentioned in print, especially during the season. But Richards could play golf every morning of the week and shoot a double-header on Sundays, and it would not cause him to work any less hard at his job. For the closer Paul gets to the pennant, the more intense and unswerving he becomes. With all his success—his home and family and friends, the good life he leads and the rare regard in which he is held by the other members of his profession—Richards is not a happy man, and he will not be happy until he wins.

"All this team really needs," he says as the 1961 season begins, "is that one big man. A monster, who can hit 40 home runs and bat in 130 runs for you. I think he's probably in the farm system somewhere right now, maybe only a year or two away. If he gets himself up here, we're set.

"But this is a pretty good ball club just as it is. A good infield, lots of pitching, good defense. Some speed, some hitting. We could win it right now. Stranger things have happened in this game than that."

Several years ago, when things were still dark for the Orioles, Paul made a little speech, full of the hope and bitterness that seem to conflict within the man. "Some day, maybe four or five years from now," he said, "Baltimore will have a fine young team on the field. When that happens, all I ask is that you observe 10 seconds of silence in memory of Paul Richards."

It appears now that when the 10 seconds of silence comes, Paul Richards will be standing in the middle of it. He will have created his monument, his team, almost alone, through his determination and knowledge and skill. No one could have done more. **END**



# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## NEW TRIER'S NEIGHBORS

Sirs:

Arlie Schardt's *Big Noise from Winnetka* (81, April 3) was tremendous. New Trier deserved the honors, and it should show the rest of the high school boys the country over that boys can do a man's job, too.

ALBERT SCHOENFELD  
North Hollywood, Calif.

Sirs:

Perhaps the greatest factor in New Trier's success is the fierce competition afforded it by neighboring archrival Evanston High School.

When these two powerhouse meet head on there are more college coaches than spectators watching the action, and records fall like ten pins.

DAN PETERSON

Evanston, Ill.

Sirs:

Evanston Coach Burton's saga is made even more compelling by the fact that he didn't start with the "biggest indoor pool in the country." Instead Burton inherited a nominally interested group of basketball and football players just filling out their spring sport elective and a frothy YMCA pool located two miles from the school to work them in.

HARRY FULLER

The Dalles, Ore.

Sirs:

The only prep swim team in the nation that could beat New Trier is Los Altos High School. The big star at Los Altos is Steve Clark, who set two national marks at the AAU meet in New Haven (*Au Euro Dunes* in the Yale Pool, April 10).

Steve is the top student in the school and president of the student body as well.

DECK O'CONNOR

Palo Alto, Calif.

## CALL HIM CARL

Sirs:

Thanks for the great article on Carl Yastrzemski, one of the brightest young stars ever to come from Long Island ("A Left Field for Boston . . ." April 3). You might be interested to know that while in high school Carl set a Suffolk County basketball scoring record that has yet to be broken.

JOHN KARANIK JR.  
Huntington Station, N.Y.

Sirs:

It was about time someone printed a pronunciation guide for that upcoming headliner Carl Yastrzemski. Congratulations for being the first.

TED ROSEN JR.  
Manchester, Conn.

## ALIAS MITTY

Sirs:

George Plimpton's *Dream of Glory on the Mound* (April 10) was a dream (or nightmare) come true for all of us frustrated Walter Mittys. But who is this guy who for "reasons of his own" could actually put his dream to the test and tell of it so effectively? Is he a famed athlete in disguise?

New York City

ROBERT GAY



PITCHER PLIMPTON AT HIS USUAL WORK

● Far from it. The doughty Mr. Plimpton, son of a prominent New York lawyer, banker and philanthropist, is himself a graduate of Phillips Exeter Academy and Harvard (1948), where he was an eager intramural pitcher as he also was in the Army. He is a jack-of-all-journalism with a weakness for basic research. His work has appeared often in these pages (*The Vanderbilt Story*, Oct. 15, 1956, et seq.), and his other literary accomplishments include helping to found and edit the avant-garde *Paris Review* in France. —ED.

## BLACK AND WHITE TV

Sirs:

What's with this blge about the Redskins? "southern TV network might suffer" if they employ Negro players (SCORECARD, April 3)? I dare say Big Daddy Lipscomb has as large a Birmingham following as Eddie LeBaron ever had.

CLAY N. WELLS  
Birmingham

## CAPITAL GAME

Sirs:

I realize this is belated, but I would like Jack Olsen to know that his fine tract, *The Pool Hustlers* (81, March 29), contains certain items concerning New York City in the early '30s, when swarms of the unemployed filled the pool halls in search of an extra dollar to being home.

Most famous hangout of hustlers anywhere probably was Skiboosh's place upstairs in the old Capital Theatre building during the heyday of big-time vandeville. A visit here anytime between 2 a.m. and 8 a.m. was better than any show in town, as the cream of the hustling racket gathered to compare notes on their pickings. Once in a great while, and only after hours of tedious wrangling over the delicate balance of the proper odds, a match (oh joy to watch!) would be arranged between such immortals as Frenchy, Gloversville Joe, Fats Daly or Pete the Swede. The original sawbuck at issue was soon overshadowed by the numerous side bets along the ancient benches, and a truly historic event would surely ensue.

One-pocket, eight-ball and nine-ball were too simple for the boys in Skiboosh's, who would condense to battle only in a cribbage (16-point game); pocketing two successive balls adding up to 15 equals one point) or a) bank pool, as described by Olsen, but on a 6-by-12 snooker table.

WM. SMITH O'BRIEN  
Huntington, N.Y.

## GOING GAME

Sirs:

You can number me as the 5,001st American devotee of the 4,000-year-old Chinese game of go (SCORECARD, April 3). I have my go board and my "stones" ready, but I need a rule book. Please tell me where I can get one.

JIM FLEAK  
Washington, D.C.

● From the American Go Association, 96 Cedar Avenue, Hackensack, N.J. Price 25c.—ED.

## ROOM ROOM'S ROMANZA

Sirs:

As a follow-up to your Stanley Cup tally (SCORECARD, March 20) and your article *Snop, Crackle and Boom Boom* (March 27), it is interesting to note that Winger Bernie (Booms Boom) Geoffron will reap \$1,000 for gaining the Art Ross Trophy (leading scorer), \$1,000 for placing on the first all-star team, an additional \$2,000 in bonus money (\$100 every goal scored over 30, promised by Coach Toe Blake), \$1,000 for team's first-place finish and then any additional money picked up in the scramble for hockey's biggest prize, the Stanley Cup. Boom



Boom in effect could grab almost \$10,000 in bonus funds.

BOB LEWIS

Montreal

#### RIGHTED ROUNDUP

Sirs:

Several months ago you printed an article by Ed Zern on the big-prize angling derbies that are ruining the sport of fishing ("I Loothe and Detest All Fish Tournaments," Nov. 7). Zern "pointed his finger" at the St. Petersburg Jaycee Tarpon Roundup as a bad example of a big-money, no-sportsmanship tournament.

This image has long bothered the St. Petersburg Jaycees. Our Roundup Committee has, for almost a year, been drafting changes, and we are pleased to announce that in this year's roundup, May 13 to July 29, we are presenting trophies instead of weekly cash awards, in order to attract real sportsmen rather than prize-seekers.

HARDY L. FAYOR

St. Petersburg, Fla.

#### GAMESMANSHIP

Sirs:

I beg to disagree with the conclusions reached in your editorial on bribery in basketball (March 27). The corrupt atmosphere in sport is not the result of the environment but of the games themselves. The modern concept of coaches and players alike seems to be a matter of finding ways of circumventing the rules or deceiving the umpire or the referee. "Gamesmanship" now connotes subterfuge, evasion, cunning, deceit, fakery and general dishonesty.

HORACE W. ROBINSON

Eugene, Ore.

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## PAT ON THE BACK



A. W. KNOTT

## Refresher course

Arthur Knott of Manhattan, Kans. is not easily intimidated. Despite the fact that his age is greater than that of any three of them put together, he has been matching muscles with the burly youths on the Kansas State College wrestling team for months. A Big Ten champion in the 135-pound class in 1914, Knott was inspired to return to the mat by four grandsons (ages 11 to 17) who have begun to show an interest in wrestling themselves. In order to bone up on some of the modern holds, Grandfather

Knott last fall asked Kansas State Coach Fritz Knorr if he could work out with the team. Since then the septuagenarian wrestler has gone to the mat nearly every day. "He may think he's forgotten all he knew," says one Kansas State wrestler, "but he can still show me a thing or two."

Outside of limiting his bouts to short periods, Knott's only concession to his years has been to ask his opponents not to rough up his face. "My teeth are still all mine," he says, "and I'd hate to give any of them up."

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of England  
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See page 121



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## HARNESS RACING

The major races through June 20

### APRIL 13

The Gotham, free-for-all trot, \$65,000 estimated, Yonkers, N.Y.

### APRIL 20

The United Nations Trot, \$50,000, Yonkers, N.Y.

### APRIL 22

The USA Test, free-for-all pace, \$25,000, Yonkers, N.Y.

### APRIL 27

National Championship Trot, \$50,000, Yonkers, N.Y.

The Gotham-UN Sequel Trot, \$15,000, Yonkers, N.Y.

### MAY 3

Reading Futurity, 2-year-old trotting fillies, \$6,000 estimated, Laurel, Md.

### MAY 4

International Pace, invitational, \$50,000 estimated, Yonkers, N.Y.

Reading Futurity, 2-year-old pacing fillies, \$6,000 estimated, Laurel, Md.

### MAY 6

Reading Futurity, 3-year-old trotting fillies, \$6,000 estimated, Laurel, Md.

### MAY 6

H.T.A. Pace, 4-year-olds, \$10,000 added, Hamburg, N.Y.

Reading Futurity, 3-year-old pacing fillies, \$6,000 estimated, Laurel, Md.

### MAY 8

Reading Futurity, 2-year-old trot, \$8,500 estimated, Laurel, Md.

### MAY 9

Reading Futurity, 2-year-old pace, \$9,000 estimated, Laurel, Md.

### MAY 10

Reading Futurity, 3-year-old trot, \$8,500 estimated, Laurel, Md.

### MAY 11

The Good Time, free-for-all pace, \$65,000 estimated, Yonkers, N.Y.

Reading Futurity, 3-year-old pace, \$8,500 estimated, Laurel, Md.

continued

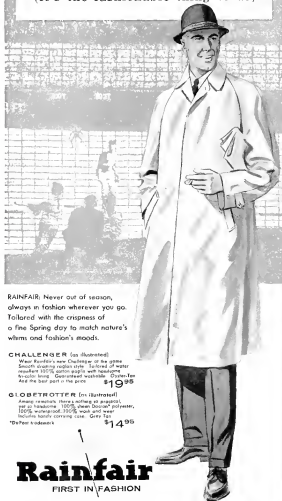
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**HARNESS RACING** continued

**MAY 13**

H.T.A. Pace, 4-year-olds, \$7,500 added, Oxon Hill, Md.

**MAY 16**

National Championship Pace, \$50,000 Yonkers, N.Y.

**MAY 20**

H.T.A. Pace, 4-year-olds, \$5,500 added, Lebanon, Ohio.

**MAY 22**

The Governor's Cup, 3-year-old pace \$25,000, Westbury, N.Y.

**MAY 26**

Free-for-all Pace, \$25,000, Westbury N.Y.

H.T.A. Pace, 4-year-olds, \$10,000 added, Maywood, Ill.

**MAY 29**

Free-for-all Trot, \$25,000, Westbury N.Y.

The William E. Miller Memorial, 3 year-old pace, \$30,000 estimated, Oxon Hill, Md.

**MAY 30**

National Capital Colt Races, 2-year-old pacing colts, \$8,000 estimated, Oxon Hill, Md.

**MAY 31**

National Capital Colt Races, 2-year-old trotting colts, \$8,000 estimated, Oxon Hill, Md.

**JUNE 1**

National Capital Colt Races, 2-year-old trotting fillies, \$8,000 estimated, Oxon Hill, Md.

National Capital Colt Races, 2-year-old pacing fillies, \$8,000 estimated, Oxon Hill, Md.

**JUNE 2**

The Governor's Cup, 3-year-old trot, \$12,500 estimated, Oxon Hill, Md.

**JUNE 3**

Free-for-all Pace, \$25,000, Westbury, N.Y.

H.T.A. Pace, 4-year-olds, \$10,000 added, Detroit.

**JUNE 9**

The Lord Baltimore, 3-year-old trotting colts and geldings, \$15,000 estimated, Baltimore.

continued



*Chef Edmond Dittler, photographed in the Lufthansa kitchens at Frankfurt/Main.*

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**HARNESS RACING** *continued*

**JUNE 10**

Free-for-all Trot, \$25,000, Westbury, N.Y.

The Lord Baltimore, 3-year-old pacing colts and geldings, \$75,000 estimated, Baltimore.

H.T.A. Pace, 4-year-olds, \$6,000 added, Columbus, Ohio

**JUNE 12**

The Lady Baltimore, 3-year-old trotting fillies, \$15,000 estimated, Baltimore.

The Northfield, 2-year-old pace, \$5,000, Northfield, Ohio.

The Sep Palin, 2-year-old trot, \$3,500 added, Detroit.

**JUNE 13**

The Lady Baltimore, 2-year-old trotting fillies, \$10,000 estimated, Baltimore.

The Gahagan, 2-year-old pace, \$3,500 added, Detroit.

**JUNE 14**

The Lady Baltimore, 2-year-old pacing fillies, \$10,000 estimated, Baltimore.

The Vic Fleming, 3-year-old trot, \$7,500 added, Detroit.

**JUNE 15**

The Lord Baltimore, 2-year-old trotting colts and geldings, \$10,000 estimated, Baltimore.

The Ville De Troit, 3-year-old pace, \$7,500, Detroit.

**JUNE 16**

The Lady Baltimore, 3-year-old pacing fillies, \$15,000 estimated, Baltimore.

**JUNE 17**

Free-for-all Pace, \$25,000, Westbury, N.Y.

The Lord Baltimore, 2-year-old pacing colts and geldings, \$10,000 estimated, Baltimore.

**JUNE 19**

W. N. Reynolds Memorial, 3-year-old

*continued*

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trotting fillies, \$10,000 estimated, Hamburg, N.Y.

W. N. Reynolds Memorial, 3-year-old pacing fillies, \$10,000 estimated, Hamburg, N.Y.

The Northfield, 2-year-old trot, \$5,000, Northfield, Ohio.

**JUNE 21**

W. N. Reynolds Memorial, 3-year-old trotting colts, \$12,500 estimated, Hamburg, N.Y.

The Northfield, 2-year-old pace, \$5,000, Northfield, Ohio.

H.T.A. Pace, 4-year-olds, \$5,000 added, Hamilton, Ohio.

**JUNE 22**

W. N. Reynolds Memorial, 3-year-old pacing colts, \$12,500 estimated, Hamburg, N.Y.

The Northfield, 3-year-old trot, \$5,000, Northfield, Ohio.

**JUNE 23**

The Northfield, 3-year-old pace, \$5,000, Northfield, Ohio.

**JUNE 24**

American-National Maturity, 4-year-old trot, \$65,000 estimated, Cicero, Ill.  
Free-for-all Trot, \$25,000, Westbury, N.Y.

H.T.A. Final Pace, 4-year-olds, \$50,000, Westbury, N.Y.

**JUNE 26**

W. N. Reynolds Memorial, 2-year-old trotting fillies, \$12,500 estimated, Hamburg, N.Y.

**JUNE 27**

The Bostwick, 2-year-old trot, \$10,000, Saratoga Springs, N.Y.

W. N. Reynolds Memorial, 2-year-old pacing fillies, \$12,500 estimated, Hamburg, N.Y.

**JUNE 28**

The Chatham, 2-year-old pace, \$10,000, Saratoga Springs, N.Y.

W. N. Reynolds Memorial, 2-year-old trotting colts, \$15,000 estimated, Hamburg, N.Y.

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Illustrations by Tomi Ungerer

## The haunted life of a pigeon napper

**A simple sportsman, he is forced to skulk in a shadow world, spied on by the police, pursued by savage humanitarians**

by RIL GILBERT

Pigeon napping is not, in the classical sense, a primary pastime. It is one of the derivative, getting-ready games, things that must be played before something else can be played. These deserve more attention than they have received from recreation authorities, for they are the challenge and curse of all minor-minor, or way-out-in-the-field, sports.

Of all the minor-minors, none is so beset with getting-ready games as is falconry. A falconer needs many things: hoods, jesses, mews, self-control and the disposition of a saint. But more than gear, more than virtue, he needs a hawk. No hawk, no sport. Getting a hawk for falconry, once the work of proud, clever professionals, is now a grubby do-it-yourself job, the objective of a whole complex of getting-ready games.

The best method of snaring a wild, adult hawk (the only sort worthy of fal-

conry) is to use a bow net, trapping on mountain ridges or ocean beaches during the fall migration of the diurnal birds of prey. Bow netting is a tough getting-ready game in itself. First the trapper must design, manufacture and assemble the 80-odd parts of a bow net. Then, to bring a hawk down from a horizon-wide pool of sky into the 10-foot net, he needs sharp reflexes, luck and minimal determination. But no matter how complete his equipment and experience, a man cannot net a hawk unless he has two live pigeons. One is used to bait the net, the other is flown about the top of a pole as a lure. Replacement pigeons are also needed, since used hawk bait is seldom salvageable.

It is at this point that the bravest spirits may be broken, for danger and humiliation lie in wait for anyone who wants to lay hands on common, ordi-

nary, lousy pigeons. The technical term is pigeon napping: a demanding, exasperating getting-ready game.

Pigeons can be bought, but only fancy varieties at fancy prices or obese squab breeds that are as useless on a lure pole as a bullfrog on a fly rod. Country pigeons are tough and active enough for bow netting but can only be caught at night in barns. The rural pigeon napper has to convince farmers that he is not a dangerous lunatic but a fun-loving sportsman. Farmers are a skeptical lot and most pigeon nappers prefer to take their chances in city parks, zoos and streets.

Pigeon napping means living in the evil underworld of city pigeons, the most disreputable class in the bird world. They are dirty and lustful. They cannot sing. They build nests of dung. They dress sloppily. But like all city species, they are suspicious and superb at survival.

Let us create a scene illustrating the nature of pigeons and pigeon nappers. It is a hot August afternoon. The place is a grass-worn city park with benches, a fountain and hundreds of pigeons.

*continued*

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### Pigeonapper *continued*

An octogenarian lady is describing her granddaughter's depravity in clinical terms to an elderly friend. By the fountain a small boy, carrying a sack of popcorn, is surrounded by still another gang of free-loading pigeons.

Enter a pigeonapper. He wears a heavy winter overcoat, its pockets bulging with bags of pigeon goodies—corn, peanuts and millet. The coat is essential, the basic snatching costume. Captured pigeons will be stuffed under it. But because the napping season comes in late summer the coat tends to make the snatcher conspicuous. The pigeonapper sits down. The pigeons spot him as a bad "an, fly up, light 15 feet away and glare.

"Look," cackles the old lady, "that queer man in the black coat. Something wrong about him. Eyes too close together. I can tell every time. The little pigeons are afraid of him."

The pigeonapper humbles himself before the birds and people. He scatters his bait and croons, mimicking the obscene tone of a pigeon fancier "Nice pidgery, come here, pidgery, thataboy whetey, come whetey, you dirty glutton. You'd show up for 10 miles on a lure pole. Have a peanut."

The napper sprinkles the bait closer and closer to his bench. When the birds are within arm's reach he snatches quickly, deftly, stuffs two struggling pigeons under his coat and runs. He will not return to this park until next season. Pigeons and pigeon lovers are slow to forget or forgive.

The natural suspicion of city pigeons

makes snatching difficult enough, but the sentimentality of city people is an even more formidable hazard. Probably because they are unacquainted with genuine, attractive, useful birds, 90% of city dwellers like pigeons. They are for pigeons and against pigeonappers. In addition to the I'll-help-a-pigeon-if-I-find-one-in-trouble majority, there is a minority of fierce pigeon fanatics. They feed and pet pigeons, coo to them and protect them as though they were whooping cranes or egrets.

The flocks of snatchable pigeons which surround pigeon-doo-gooders have caused covetous pigeonappers to abandon reason. A napper will sometimes try to negotiate with a pigeon fanatic. A geologist friend, a Washington, D.C. pigeonapper, once discovered that a great coodle of pigeons loitered in a Constitution Avenue park where they were supported by a person named Golden Bill. Golden Bill insisted he had made a rich Klondike strike but had been cheated of his wealth by hanky-panky in registration of his claim. He came to Washington to seek redress from Congress. His boast was that his friends on the Hill would never give Alaska statehood until he had got his. Bill was an ineffective lobbyist but a hell of a man with pigeons.

Noting Golden Bill's way with birds and also that the old gentleman was nearly destitute, the geologist became obsessed with a fantasy: that he could arrange a sort of white slave trade in pigeons with Golden Bill. When he finally made his proposition he was so excited by his vision of a steady pigeon supply that he lost all caution. He ought to have



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been put on guard by Bill's surprising agreeability. On the pickup day the naive geologist came to the park, carrying a knapsack. A thin-lipped, cold-eyed, high-voiced agent of an animal protection society was with Golden Bill. They accused the geologist of persecuting pigeons. He babbled that his bedridden



daughter was wasting away for the lack of being able to feed and admire real, live pigeons. He had been driven to under-the-bench dealings with Golden Bill in hopes of being able to transplant a pigeon colony to his backyard. He was wrong, but he was a father. It was pretty thin. Neither Bill nor the animal defender was moved, but since they had not wasted until the pigeons were in his knapsack, they reluctantly released the geologist with a stern warning.

Pigeon fanatics can inflict bodily injury on nappers, as another acquaintance, Heavy (I shall call him Heavy because he is stout and because his business, Numbers, makes him shy of personal publicity), can testify. In his prime, Heavy was a superb snatcher. He had no patience for the come-hither-pidgey, two-bird-at-a-time grab. Heavy would drive up to a snatching spot in his long, black Cadillac, throw some corn on the sidewalk and drive off to wait for pigeons to come to the bait. When they did Heavy pulled up alongside the birds, jumped out and took half a dozen pigeons in one quick sweep with a short-handled crab net. He stuffed the net and birds under his overcoat, hopped in the car and was away.

One morning Heavy cruised up to a park and threw out his bait. He did not see, or overconfidently ignored, a little lady, frail and rusty as a grasshopper,

continued

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#### *Pigeonnapper continued*

sitting on a nearby bench. When the pigeons collected at the corn Heavy was back and at them with his crab net. Simultaneously the lady rose and ran at him. The ensuing sprint for the getaway car was like a race between Tony Galento and Wilma Rudolph. Heavy was willing but overmatched. Also he was handicapped by having to keep one arm at his side to hold the pigeons and crab net under his coat. Finishing with a strong kick, the lady caught Heavy at the car door. "Free those pigeons," she shrieked and whacked Heavy with her umbrella.

Heavy raised his arms to protect his face. His overcoat opened, and pigeons exploded from his midsection like fireballs from a Roman candle. The commotion attracted a crowd, all of them bleeding hearts demanding justice for the pigeons and the lady. Heavy decided to cut his losses. He abandoned his crab net and hat (knocked off by a rocketing bird), forced his way into the car and fled. He is now an ex-pigeonnapper. His nerve is broken and he buys fancy tumblers for bow netting at two bucks a bird.

#### **The law protects pigeons**

Of all those who harass pigeonnapers, the police are the slickest and most irritating. They are sly because it's what they're paid for and irritating because they're so self-righteous. In a reasonable world the law would be with the pigeonnapper, but despite the fact they are prime hosts for vermin, disease and filth, pigeons are protected by law in most cities, and cops delight in enforcing pigeon laws. Rapists, shoplifters and jaywalkers may infest a city, but cops will ignore them if given a chance to nab a pigeonnapper. To collar a napper, cops will hover in the shrubbery, disguise themselves as the corner post of a park comfort station and even, in extreme cases, run.

If caught, a pigeonnapper will be fined as heavily as the law allows. He will also be browbeaten, lectured, and exposed to painful humor. When his ordeal by law is finished, the press gets him. Staff humorists are assigned to pigeon-snatching stories. Caught nappers and Muffin boses get equal space.

An English professor nearly had a promising career (18th century essayists)



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ruined because of the barbaric attitude of the law and press toward pigeon-nappers. The professor was caught, with bird, in a zoo. He was turned in by a scout-master who had been tipped off by one of his bright-eyed, ruthless little good-deeders. The professor is a tall, beanpole type. His 6-foot-3 frame is topped by the wildest, lushest thicket of black hair this side of the Congo. For snatching he wears a long, once green, now mottled



brassash overcoat. A red cigarette holder is habitually clamped in his teeth. When observed by the scouts, the professor was squatting behind the puma pen, rattling peanuts, simpering and sweet-talking a flock of suspicious pigeons. The scout-master was not a bad sort and later apologized for his part in the case. He can perhaps be excused for believing that he had come across an unusual, and very likely dangerous, deviate, one who had been looking for hints in Kraft-Ebing.

The professor was collared by a chorling zoo dick and after being fined, he was routinely turned over to a reporter from a morning tabloid. The story and photo appeared under the headline PICK UP PIGEON-PILFERING PROF. For the professor the most damaging part of the story was his insistence that he snatched pigeons just for the hell of it. Other nappers understood and admired his silence. He was the Nathan Hale of the sport. Had he admitted that he wanted hawk bait, every pigeon-napper,

continued

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Pigeonnaper *continued*

bow netter and falconer in the area would have been hunted down.

Difficult, often dangerous though it is, pigeonnaping, properly approached, can bring its triumphs. The beginner may be inspired by an account of the play which won the Eastern Pigeonnaping Championship for Reedy Pagliaccio, an ingenious electronic computer salesman. Before the 1959 season opened, Reedy, a wary, heady snatcher, built a large, portable box trap. He painted it an official shade of gray. Across the top in conspicuous block letters he stenciled the initials of the city university. When the time to snatch came Reedy took his trap to a mid-town park, baited it and stood back to wait for pigeons.

#### Enter the resident fanatic

A cop appeared, of course, suspicious but puzzled. Reedy appeared to be about to nap a pigeon, yet he did not look like a pigeonnaper—no overcoat, no stealth. But cops are not much for subtle doubt.

"What the hell are you doing, busier?" he asked, alert for an easy punch.

Reedy held up his hand in a silencing gesture and continued to study his trap. Finally he turned to the cop. "We need a dozen or so of these little fellows at the Med Center—right away."

The officer was fumbling. "Look, Doc, I don't know anything about..."

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See page 178



"Strange," Reedy said meditatively, "10 of these birds may save a hundred lives one day."

"I'm the last one to knock you fellows," the cop said defensively. "Just the other day I was reading in Benny's stand, in the *Digest*, about . . ."

"Officer," Reedy interrupted, "We especially need some of these white ones. Would you keep people off this path for a few minutes?"

The cop did his best, but he could not hold back the park's resident pigeon fanatic, a retired YWCA secretary.

"You have a twisted mind, twisted," the lady told Reedy. "Nothing, nothing, justifies the torture of innocent creatures. If you think I'll allow my friends to be taken away for vivisection . . ."

"Madam," Reedy said in a shocked voice. "Vivisection, no, no, my no. We must have birds in the best health and spirits. We have found that the sight of happy pigeons has a quieting effect on emotionally disturbed patients."

Buttered up this way, the lady allowed Reedy to continue. Reedy got 12 that day, a record. Not everyone, of course, has the time, talent and inclination to pursue records. But even the occasional snatcher will find rewards. Pigeon-napping strengthens the wind and legs, builds patience and sharpens the wit. Those of us who play are convinced that pigeon-napping is the legitimate queen of the getting-ready games.

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## YESTERDAY



A tourist scans the footprints Donnelly is supposed to have made after the great battle.

## The Steps of Dan Donnelly

The oddest monument in Ireland is embedded in Kildare sod and honors a bare-knuckle champion

by MITCHELL RAWSON

In a green vale of The Curragh of Kildare, a mile and a bit (as Irish miles go) from the famous race course, is a series of footprints that have been there for 145 years. They lead away from a stone monument that marks the spot where the ring stood when the great Dan Donnelly fought the Englishman, George Cooper, on December 13, 1815. The footsteps wind up to the top of Donnelly's Hollow, as the place is known, and are traditionally believed to have been made by the fighter himself after he had won the fight and walked out of the arena.

The prints are considerably deeper than they were when Donnelly made them (and there's no doubt in Kildare that he did), for it early became a ritual for tourists to step in them, and they are

nowadays large enough to suggest an Irish variation of the Himalayan Yets—a kind of Abominable Leprechaun.

The fight with Cooper at this site was for a purse of £60. The Englishman was a skilled and experienced boxer but no match for Dan, who stood a half inch over 6 feet and weighed 14 stone (196 pounds). The fight ended after 11 rounds. It lasted 22 minutes under the bare-knuckle rules.

Even before his victory over Cooper, Donnelly was famous in Dublin and beyond. He was born on Townshend Street in the Irish capital and, when he grew up, worked as a carpenter. He was known to be free with his fists, but the idea of hitting people for money didn't occur to him until an English fighter known as Isle of Wight Hall arrived in Ireland on an exhibition tour. Dan challenged him to a bout. A purse of 100 guineas was subscribed by Dublin sportsmen. The contest took place on The Curragh, with some 20,000 people watching it.

It was a disappointing and incon-

clusive fight. The man from the Isle of Wight fell down several times without being hit, and on one of these irritating occasions Donnelly hit him while he was on the ground. The affair was under the old Jack Broughton rules, a round ending when a man was down, but Donnelly was never one to fuss about rules. From the scanty records it appears that both men claimed victory. Hall left the ring by order of the umpires but with no decision. Donnelly's supporters had a bonfire celebration anyway. How the purse was split history does not reveal.

After the fight with Cooper, memorialized by the footprints, Donnelly took off for Liverpool, "Full of spirits," as his countryman and admirer, Pierce Egan, records. In Liverpool, Dan fell in with Jack Carter, a fighter of some renown, and the two went sparring together in the provinces and eventually to London.

He became a celebrity, and followers of "the Fancy" called him Sir Dan Donnelly because the Prince Regent (afterward George IV) is supposed to have conferred a satirical knighthood on him one festive evening. The Prince (Prinny to his intimates) almost certainly knew Dan, for he knew most of the fighters in London. The story goes that he tapped the Irishman on the shoulder with his sword and dubbed him Knight of the Fives. Some minstrel wrote:

*Our worthy Regent was so delighted  
With the great valour he did evince  
That Dan was cited, aye, and invited  
To come be-knighted by his own Prince.*

It could have happened. It was never denied by the prince, whose memory of the evening may have been blurred; and the doggerel fits in with the general British enthusiasm for Bulling Dan. Pierce Egan wrote: "It may be said of DONNELLY that he is—all muscle. His arms are long and *slawy*; his shoulders uncommonly fine, particularly when in action, and prominently indicative of their punishing quality. . . . He makes tremendous use of his right hand." That right, in fact, seems to have been his one and only real weapon.

Dan fought only once in England, despite his popularity. His opponent was Tom Oliver, a lighter but much faster

*continued*

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In or out of the ring, "Sir" Dan Donnelly was a tough man with his fists.

## Donnelly continued

man. The match was for 100 guineas a side, on Crawley Hurst, near London. Donnelly won after a bloody scrap of 34 rounds in an hour and 10 minutes.

He disliked training and never allowed it to interfere with his pleasures, some of which were considered excessive even by the easygoing standards of the Regency Period. Before the Oliver fight, one of his friends watched Donnelly eating green peas and told him they were not good for a man in training. The Irishman scoffed at the food crank, asking, "Sure, is it a pea that will hurt me?" He downed a glass of brandy (probably not the first that day) and added: "No, nor a drop of the creature neither."

He loved women, with a sometimes absent-minded devotion. A messenger told him one evening that his wife had been asking for him.

"What sort of woman was she?" Dan asked.

"What, sir," said the messenger, "don't you know your own wife?"

"Is she a big woman?" Dan asked. "Well, never mind, I'll come along and look at her to see if I should know her."

He returned to Ireland and, after the habit of boxers, opened a saloon. Also after the habit of all too many such box-

ers he became his own best customer. He died suddenly in 1820, a month short of his 34th birthday. The blame was laid on cold water and whisky punch, taken after a hard game of fives, or handball.

The funeral was of championship size and Dan would have loved it, in spite of his insistence that he disliked being a celebrity ("I'm not a fighting man and I won't make a staring stock of myself"). Many of his mourners were in carriages, many on horseback. A pair of boxing gloves was carried on a cushion in front of the hearse, from which the horses were unyoked so that the bereaved admirers could pull it to Bully's Acre, where Dan was buried.

In May, 1820, this epitaph appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*:

*Underneath this pillar high  
Lies Sir Daniel Donnelly.  
He was a stout and handy man  
And people called him Buffing Dan;  
Knighthood he took from George's  
sword,  
And well he wore it, by my word!  
He died at last, from forty-seven  
Tumbler of punch he drank one even;  
O'erthrown by punch, unharmed by fist,  
He died unbitten pugilist!  
Such a buffer as Donnelly  
Ireland again will never see.*



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